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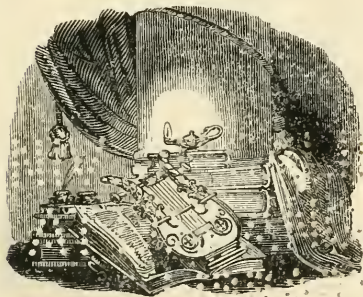
POETIC VIGILS.

BY

BERNARD BARTON.

“ Dear night ! this world’s defeat ;
The stop to busie fools ; cares’ check and curb :
The day of Spirits ; my soul’s calm retreat
Which none disturb ! ”

Henry Vaughan’s Silex Scintillans.



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TO

THE MEMORY

OF

JOHN BARTON,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HIS SON

BERNARD.

Had lengthen'd years been granted thee,
Far more than this had been thy claim;
Yet grateful may his spirit be
Who honours thus thy cherish'd Name.

489322
ENGLISH

PREFATORY SONNET.

THE springs of Life are failing, one by one,
And Age, with quicken'd step, is drawing nigh ;
Yet would I heave no discontented sigh,
Since cause for cold ingratitude is none.
If slower through my veins life's tide may run,
The heart's young fountains are not wholly dry ;
Though evening clouds shadow my noontide sky,
Night cannot quench the Spirit's inward sun !
Once more, then, ere the eternal bourn be pass'd,
Would I my lyre's rude melody essay :
And, while amid the chords my fingers stray,
Should Fancy sigh—" *these strains may be its last !*"
Yet shall not this my mind with gloom o'ercast,
If my day's work be finish'd with the day !

PREFACE.

THE Author had hoped that the preceding Sonnet would have spared his Readers and himself any further prefatory matter: but, to save himself from the imputation of intentional plagiarism in one particular Poem, it seems desirable to observe that the Piece entitled “Pity for poor little Sweeps” was written some months prior to the publication of the painfully interesting Volume lately edited on their behalf; and that, at the time of writing it, the Author had not seen a line of Poetry on the subject.

On the Title he has adopted, the Author could also wish briefly to remark, that it was chosen

rather in default of any better presenting itself, than for its peculiar appropriateness. It is not a very easy matter to find an unaffected, unhackneyed designation for a Volume of Miscellaneous Verses: and the contents of these pages have, at least, this claim to the Title given them, that they are the production of hours snatched from recreation or repose.

WOODBIDGE, 5th Mo. 25th, 1824.

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MORNING AND EVENING.

How beautiful is morn !
When day-light, newly born,
From the bright portals of the east is breaking ;
While songs of joy resound
From countless warblers round,
To light and life from silent slumber waking.

The parting clouds unfold
Their edges ting'd with gold ;
Bright is the summit of the lofty mountain ;
The glist'ning tops of trees,
Touch'd by the rustling breeze,
Are bright and tuneful as the Muses' fountain.

As upward mounts the sun,
 The valleys, one by one,
 Ope their recesses to the living splendour ;
 The mighty ocean's breast
 Heaves upward to be blest,
 And bids its waves reflected light surrender.

Each humble flower lifts up
 Its dewy bell or cup,
 Smiling through tears that know no tinge of sadness ;
 The insect tribes come out,
 And, fluttering all about,
 Fill the fresh air with gentle sounds of gladness.

Oh ! who can witness this,
 Nor feel the throb of bliss
 With which creation's ev'ry pulse seems beating ?
 Or who, 'mid such a store
 Of rapture flowing o'er,
 The tribute of the heart forbear repeating ?

Yet have I known an hour
 Of more subduing power
 Than this of beauty glowing—music gushing ;—
 An hour whose quiet calm
 Diffus'd an holier balm,
 Whose watch-word " Peace, be still ! " the inmost
 heart was hushing.

It is the close of day,
When evening's hues array
The western sky in all their radiant lustre ;
When round the setting sun,
His goal of glory won,
Resplendent clouds in silent beauty muster.

'Tis when day's parting light,
Dazzling no more the sight,
Its chastened glory to the eye is granting,
That " thoughts too deep for tears,"
Unearthly hopes and fears,
And voiceless feelings in the heart are panting.

While thus the western sky
Delights the gazing eye,
With thrilling beauty, touching, and endearing ;—
What still of earth is fair
Borrows its beauty there,
Though every borrow'd charm is disappearing.

Ere yet those charms grow dim,
Creation's vesper hymn,
Grateful and lovely, is from earth ascending ;
'Till, with that song of praise,
The hearts of those who gaze
With solemn feelings of delight are blending.

Then from those portals bright
 A farewell gleam of light
 Breaks with unearthly glory on the vision ;
 And through the folding doors
 The eye of thought explores
 Seraphic forms, and phantasies elysian.

These pass like thought away !
 Yet may their hallow'd sway
 Rest on the heart,—as dew-drops round adorning
 The drooping, silent flowers,
 Feed them through night's dark hours,
 And keep them fresh and living till the morning.

Thus should the sun-set hour,
 With soul-absorbing power,
 Nurse by its glories the immortal spirit ;
 And plume its wings for flight
 To realms of cloudless light,
 Regions its God hath form'd it to inherit.

Fair, bright, and sweet is MORN !
 When day-light, newly born,
 In all its beauty is to sense appealing ;
 Yet EVE to me is fraught
 With more *unearthly thought*,
 And purer touches of *immortal feeling* !

A POET'S THANKS.

NAY! let not sorrow cloud thy brow,
Nor thus in thought repine,
Because thou see'st my vigour bow,
My drooping health decline ;
This heart is yet in love unchill'd,
My spirit is as free,
My feelings still as fondly thrill'd,
Whene'er I turn to thee.

I know, although thou speak'st them not,
The thoughts which fill thy mind ;
Thou think'st thy minstrel's earthly lot
Unworthily assign'd :
Could wish of thine that lot dictate,
Much brighter it would be ;
Yet far from cheerless is his fate
Who finds a friend like thee.

I own I should rejoice to share
What poorest peasants do :
To breathe heaven's heart-reviving air,
And hail its vault of blue ;
To see great Nature's soul awake
In flow'ret, bush, and tree,
And childhood's early joys partake
In quiet haunts with thee.

Yet more, far more, 't would soothe my soul
With thee, dear friend, to stray
Where ocean's murmuring billows roll
In some secluded bay ;
The silent cliffs, the speaking main,
The breezes blowing free,
These could not look, speak, breathe in vain,
If felt and shared with thee.

But though such luxuries as these
Remain to us unknown,
We from our scanty store may seize
Some joys of tend'rest tone :—
Proudest Prosperity had brought
No purer bliss to me,
Than bleak Adversity has caught
In darkest hours from thee.

Had fortune on our prospects smil'd,
And sunshine round us flung,
Had flowers alone our path beguil'd,
Where many a thorn has sprung,—
That thornless path, those sun-bright skies,
Though lovely they might be,
Could ne'er have taught my heart to prize
What most I prize in thee.

The bird whose soft and plaintive song
Is heard alone at night,
Whose note outvies the warbling throng
That hail day's garish light,—
The flower that spreads in wilds remote
Its blossom to the bee,—
These, these, the touching charms denote
Which I discern in thee.

Thy voice in care, in grief, in pain,
Has been to me as dear
As Nature owns that night-bird's strain
In watches dark and drear ;
What to the bee that flow'ret's bloom,
Or sun-light to the sea,—
All this and more, in hours of gloom,
Have I oft found in thee.

While some, as every joy decreas'd,
Their sympathy denied,
Or like *the Levite* and *the Priest*,
Pass'd on the other side ;
My cares *Thou* didst not coldly scan,
Nor from my sorrows flee ;
The kind, the good Samaritan
Was still a type of thee.

Though I may darkly pass away,
As in the noon of life,
And sink, by premature decay,
From being's feverish strife ;
Yet thou, at least, hast been a friend,
A noble friend to me,
Nor with my mortal life can end
The tribute due to thee.

Believe it not ! the love that gives
To life its truest zest,
The warm affection that outlives
The sunshine of the breast ;—
These, these are boons surpassing far,
What bends the worldling's knee ;
These, which the world can never mar,
I owe, dear friend, to thee.

And should some fragments of my song,
Which thy applause endears,
Borne on the stream of time along,
Survive to distant years;
May such around thy cherish'd name
A fadeless garland be,
And with the Poet's purest fame
Be twined his love for thee.

TO CHARLOTTE ——,

WITH VERSES ON THE DEATH OF HELEN.

DEAR friend of her, whose early fate
These simple lines rehearse,
To thee I well may dedicate
This tributary verse ;
For in thy heart, with many a thrill,
Our Helen's memory lingers still.

Nor would'st thou willingly expel
From such a heart as thine
One whose remembrance bears a spell
So gentle and benign,
That sorrow for her sake appears
Too sweet to call forth bitter tears.

True, griefs there are which seem to form
Our Nature's heaviest doom ;—
Which, like some dark and dreadful storm,
O'ershade the mind with gloom ;
And with the tempest's direful wrath,
Leave devastation in their path.

But others, as soft summer-showers,
Descend upon the heart ;
And to its most delightful flowers
Fresh loveliness impart ;
Awakening feelings not of earth,
Which could not owe to joy their birth.

'Tis thus when loveliness and youth,
Affections warm and high,—
Feelings replete with guileless truth,
All seem to bloom—and die !
While one brief, sunny hour is seen
Their blight and blossoming between.

It is a lot that well may touch
Hearts by the world unsteel'd ;
But O ! of blessedness how much
Is in such lot reveal'd !
And spirits unto whom 'tis given
Appear the favorites of Heaven.

How can we think, *with grief*, of hearts
 Young, innocent, and gay;
 Who shar'd each bliss that earth imparts,
 Nor saw that bliss decay,—
 But, while e'en happiness was new,
 Unto a happier world withdrew?

Life's banquet unto such appear'd
 A scene that could not cloy;
 And Pleasure's bowl, its dregs unfear'd,
 Th' Amreeta cup of joy!
 Whence, having for one moment quaff'd,
 They grew immortal from the draught.

If thus our Helen lived—and died,—
 Be her remembrance now
 With not one thought of gloom allied,
 To cloud affection's brow;
 But let us think of her as one
 Whose memory not e'en Mirth would shun.

When Life appears most truly sweet;
 When Death itself is view'd
 As something we could bear to meet
 With smiling fortitude;
 O then be every thought of her
 Joy's spell and Hope's interpreter!

Farewell! and though in other eyes
My song might worthless seem,
Thy heart these simple lines may prize,
Since Helen is their theme:—
And I, with pride, would have it known
That Charlotte's friend was once my own.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF HELEN M— M—.

THERE seems no need of bitter tears
 For such an one as thou,
 And sorrow's fount, which once was sweet,
 Is seal'd unto me now ;
 Yet might I shed such tears as fall
 From childhood's guileless eye,
 Dear Helen ! o'er thy early grave
 My own would not be dry.

But could I o'er that distant spot
 A transient mourner bend,
 I would not mourn with childish grief
 Thy life so soon should end.
 Reflecting what life is to most
 To whom 'tis longest given,
 I rather would rejoice in hopes
 That follow thee to Heaven.

'Tis true that what thou yet hadst known
Of being here below
Had shone so bright, it seem'd to bask
In sunshine's sweetest glow ;
For though some fleecy clouds might shade
The landscape's lovely mien,
Yet these, like Summer's morning-mists,
But beautified the scene.

And thou hadst to thy parents' arms
Return'd from Albion's shore,
And joy's anticipated cup
To them seem'd running o'er ;
And hearts were full, and hopes were high,
With schemes of future bliss,
While filial and parental love
Revived with every kiss.

Such is the picture Fancy gives,
With little magic aid ;
Nor can its brightest, softest tints
For ever sink in shade :—
To thee that shadow now is past,
And dark as may appear
The cloud that veils thy parents' path,
Thy name must still be dear.

When spent the agony of grief,
 May this their solace be,
That many fondly cherish'd hopes
 Had been fulfill'd in thee!
This thought may seem at first to feed
 The source of saddest tears,
But it may yield unearthly bliss
 In days of future years.

'Tis something to have held awhile
 A gem like thee in trust;
And though 'tis painful to resign
 Its casket to the dust,
It must be soothing, still—to think
 What once has been *their own*,
And that they have but given it up
 Unto its God alone!

For us, dear girl! with whom were pass'd
 Thy childhood's fleeting hours,
Who watch'd with pleasure and with pride
 Thy mind's unfolding powers;
Beneath whose glance, from grace to grace,
 Thy form in stature grew—
For us to some few ling'ring hopes
 'Tis hard to bid adieu!

Although we scarce might hope, on earth,
To see thy smiles again,
Yet some such thoughts *must* still survive,
Where *life* and *love* remain :—
The first, with thee is closed ! the last—
Shall still thy witness be ;
Not e'en thy death can overcast
The hours once spent with thee.

But O ! amongst us there is one
Whose hopes were so entwined
With thee ; thy death scarce seems to leave
An earthly joy behind :—
Yet unto HER—Religion yields
Hopes more exalted still,
Which, born of Faith, and fix'd on Heaven,
God only can fulfil.

MAN'S LONG HOME.

“ Man goeth to his long home.”

THERE is a spot of earth
Which mars the hour of mirth,
Knowing that there its merriment must cease ;
But to the mourner's breast
It whispers thoughts of rest,
And seems the haven where he hopes for peace.

It is the silent **G**rave !
From which no art can save
The proud, the rich, the gay, the brave, the fair ;
All,—all in turn must come
To that appointed home,
And wait the awful sound of the last trumpet there.

The fearful thought of this
 May to the Worldling's bliss
 Be like the canker-worm that works unseen ;
 Those who, like Dives, know
 Their good things here below,
 May wish ETERNITY what TIME has been.

But can they reason thus
 Who, with poor Lazarus,
 Find in this life its evil things their lot ?
 Who, with the morning light,
 And each returning night,
 Mourn for what is, and sigh for what is not ?

These well may comprehend
 " The world is not their friend,"
 Nor yet the sordid world's " unfeeling law :"—
 Then wherefore cling to life,
 When, from such hopeless strife,
 Death gives the welcome signal to withdraw ?

What can existence give,
 To those who only live
 Moments of sunshine in long years of shade ?
 And find alike in each
 A grief defying speech,
 The sickness of the heart from hope delay'd ?

One hope for such remains !
When Death shall break the chains,
That GOD may take them to his glorious rest,
And through the vict'ry won
By HIS REDEEMING SON,
Their souls may own Earth's *last long home*—its BEST !

AN ODE TO TIME.

SPiRiT! if I may call thee such,
 Beneath whose silent sway
Structures, defying grosser touch,
In fragments fall away :
Essence, or shadow, whatsoe'er
Thou art ;—with mingled hope and fear,
 I frame this votive lay :
For feelings I can ill define
With every thought of thee combine.

I court no fabled Muses' aid
 To scatter spells around ;
 For long before *their* presence made
 Parnassus classic ground,
 'Thou from dark chaos' depths didst spring
 Elate—on thy expanded wing,
 Which never since has found,
 In all the boundless realms of space,
 One moment's tranquil resting-place.

“ LET THERE BE LIGHT ! ” — JEHOVAH said ;
 And with that FIAT, Thou,
 Thy wings for instant flight outspread,
 Becam'st—what thou art now !
 A viewless thing, whose very name
 Fancy's most daring flights may tame,
 And furrow Wisdom's brow :
 Given—and recall'd—with vital breath ;
 Thine entrance—LIFE ! thine exit—DEATH !

And yet that seeming death, which tells
That we have done with thee ;
And Thou no less with us ;—compels
Our Spirits still TO BE !
That parting from thee does but seem
Like launching from some shallow stream
Into a soundless sea,
Upon whose thought-o'erwhelming brink,
Thy *Cent'ries* into *Moments* shrink !

But to that soundless, shoreless deep
I now must bid adieu !—
Enough it is for me to keep
My subject theme in view ;
Far more of thought in Thee may dwell,
Than even Poesy can tell,
Or fancy can pursue :—
For, short of THINGS ETERNAL, thine
Must closest round our heart entwine.

Our human hopes, our human fears,
 In thee and thine have birth ;
And, by their varied smiles and tears,
 Evince thy present worth ;
In truth, 'tis thy engrossing " Now"
Which gives to every thoughtless brow
 Its fickle gloom or mirth :
All Sense can feel, or hear, or see,
While Sense endures—is found in Thee.

What is the haughtiest despot's power
 Contrasted with thine own ?
He sways his sceptre of an hour,
 And fills his transient throne :
Thou sweep'st the empty pageant by ;—
A moment—and to mortal eye
 His place no more is known !
And one brief line records his lot,
" HE WAS !—and now on Earth IS NOT !"

The *works of Man* confess by turns
Thy mute resistless sway ;
Towers, temples, pyramids, and urns,
Before thy touch decay.
At Man's command they rose on earth ;
Awhile they tell who gave them birth ;
Then mingle with his clay !
And vague Tradition, in despair,
Can but conjecture what they were.

Nor less is Nature's every grace,
Romantic, grand, and rude,
As thou pursuest thy forward race,
By thee destroy'd—renew'd :—
Leaves bud, and fade ; flowers bloom, and die ;
Suns rise, and set ;—by stars on high
Their courses are pursued :—
All seem, indeed, the same to be,
Yet find incessant change in thee.

Even the vast and wond'rous deep,
 Where navies come and go,
Which, whether lull'd in dreamless sleep,
 Or foaming to and fro,
Appears just what it was of yore ;—
This, too, is changing evermore,
 With every ebb and flow ;
And seeming to defy thy power,
In essence varies every hour.

But what avails it to recal,
 Or dwell on truths so trite ?—
Vicissitude awaits on all,
 As day succeeds to night ;
And nothing in Creation's range
Escapes thy transmutations strange,
 Or robs thee of thy right :—
Whilst thou, with cold unalter'd mien,
Remain'st — what thou hast ever been.

This annual offering at thy shrine
 May well thy power attest ;
“ Precept on precept, line on line,”
 By thee are here impress !
Man is, indeed, thy Chronicler,
But thou thy varied Calendar
 Canst still interpret best ;
And Contemplation must impart
Its moral uses to the heart.

Unto her pensive, musing eye
 Each feast or fast appears
A fruitless effort to defy
 The silent lapse of years :—
And yet some soothing thoughts are blent
With such a transient monument ;
 And noblest hopes and fears
By turns elate and awe the soul,
As we thy records thus unrol.

Such fears and hopes our hearts engage—

In silence turning o'er

Thy brief OBITUARY PAGE,

Its annals to explore :—

There, each succeeding year we find

The exit of some mighty mind,

Whose rich and varied store

Fulfill'd the purposes of Heaven,

For which its ample wealth was given.

There too, perchance, are found enroll'd

Some scarcely known to Fame ;

Of whom, though little can be told

The World's applause to claim,

A brief inscription points the lot,

And for a while keeps unforgot

Their Being's end and aim !

“ The single talent, well employ'd,”

Redeems them from oblivion's void.

And though that respite may be brief,—
 Though these but seem to share
The fate of Autumn's wither'd leaf,
 And pass—we know not where !
Yet, while their cherish'd memory lives,
Fresh strength to other minds it gives
 Life's weary lot to bear ;
Unveiling to the mental eye
Hopes, feelings, thoughts,—which cannot die.

But not to Man ;—his death or birth,—
 Nor aught by him design'd
To be his monument on earth,
 Thy records are confin'd :—
In them we trace the rise, the fall,
The ever-restless change of all
 Mortality can bind ;—
And while thy potent spell is shown,
See Power more glorious than thy own.

The power of HIM, whose mighty one
 On sea and earth shall tread ;
 With face all radiant as the sun,
 A rainbow round his head ;
 Pillars of fire—his feet shall gleam ;
 Dark clouds of heaven—his vesture seem ;
 His voice—a sound of dread ;
 While thunders echoing far away,
 Shall publish thy departing sway.

THEN the immutable decree,
 So long by Heaven deferr'd,
 Shall, in the destin'd close of Thee,
 Fulfil its solemn word :—
 Through boundless space, by thought untrod,
 THE DELEGATED VOICE OF GOD
 Shall awfully be heard,—
 Proclaiming, as foretold of yore,
 “ THE MYST'RY FINISH'D ! TIME NO MORE ! ”

STANZAS TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

WHO HAD REQUESTED OF THE AUTHOR "TO STREW A FLOWER ON THE WAY-SIDE OF A YOUNG PILGRIM, WHO LOOKS FOR MANY THORNS, BUT WHO KNOWS THERE IS BALM IN GILEAD."

No mortal hand can scatter flowers,
 To soothe or bless the mourner's way,
 But such as, cull'd from earthly bowers,
 Are found as briefly bright as they :
 For every blossom born of earth
 Is doom'd to wither from its birth.

Yet even these—if fed by dew
 Which silently descends from heaven,—
 Indebted for each brighter hue,
 To Light its glorious Sun has given,—
 And freshen'd by its gentlest breeze,—
 Thus rear'd—e'en *earthly* flowers may please.

I will not say, my youthful friend,
 That such may fitting emblems be
 Of aught that I have ever penn'd,
 Or now presume to offer thee :
 But as a bard, my highest bliss
 Were to approximate to this.

To touch, to please, to win the heart,
 To calm and virtuous feelings prone,
 Not by mere rules of minstrel art,
 Or fancied genius of my own,—
 But by those holier charms, whose birth
 Is not of man, nor caught from earth.

Yet were I gifted thus,—O how
 Could I *thy* path with flowers adorn,—
 When grief too often clouds my brow
 To find *my own* has many a thorn,
 Whose rankling wounds a pledge might be
 How little I could succour thee?

But “ there is Balm in Gilead ! ”—There
 The GREAT PHYSICIAN can be found,
 Whose Love and Mercy still prepare
 An antidote for every wound :—
 His hand can scatter flowers divine,
 And *Faith in Him* may make them *THINE !*

TO A YOUTHFUL PUPIL

IN THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY.

No chast'ning we may rest assured,
While suffer'd—joyous seemeth ;
And yet, if patiently endured,
With heavenly fruit it teemeth.

Peaceable fruits of righteousness,
A prize beyond expression !
Of far more power the heart to bless,
Than earth's most proud possession.

Dear friend, if in life's early bloom
Thy path seem darkly shaded
By sorrow's clouds, beneath whose gloom
Some brighter tints have faded—

Still hope and trust in HIM, whose love
Can turn each pain to pleasure,
And thou may'st find those clouds shall prove
Replete with richest treasure.

The rose, which in the sun's bright rays
Might soon have droop'd and perish'd,
With grateful scent the shower repays,
By which its life is cherish'd.

And thus have e'en the young in years
Found *flowers within*—that flourish,
And yield that fragrance, fed by tears,
Joy's sunshine could not nourish!

SONNET TO ELIA.

DELIGHTFUL Author ! unto whom I owe
 Moments and moods of fancy and of feeling,
 Afresh to grateful memory now appealing,
 Fain would I "bless thee—ere I let thee go!"
 From month to month has the exhaustless flow
 Of thy original mind, its wealth revealing,
 With quaintest humour, and deep pathos healing
 The World's rude wounds, revived Life's early glow :
 And, mixt with this, at times, to earnest thought
 Glimpses of truth, most simple and sublime
 By thy imagination have been brought
 Over my spirit. From the olden time
 Of authorship thy patent should be dated,
 And thou with Marvell, Brown, and Burton mated.

THE ABBOT TURNED ANCHORITE.

Under A. D. 1331, in Chronicon Butley, is the following passage. “ John Grene, relinquishing his abbacie by choice, was consecrated an anchorite, at the Chapel of St. Mary *, in the old Monastery near the Sea.”

Beauties of England and Wales.

A most impressive change it must,
 Methinks, to such an one have been,
 To abdicate the abbot's trust,
 And seek this solitary scene.

It might not *then* seem so forlorn,
 As now this crumbling wreck appears ;
 But more within the common bourn
 Of human hopes, and human fears.

* An interesting, though very humble relic of antiquity is still standing about a mile and a half nearer to the sea than the ruins of Leiston Abbey ; which for aught I know, being no Antiquarian, may be the remains of the Chapel of St. Mary. This idea, and the reflections to which it gave rise in some pleasing rambles on this solitary beach, induced me to attempt these verses.

Yet to resign the ampler sway
Of yon fair abbey's outstretch'd lands,
For this small cell, this silent bay,
And barren beach of drifted sands:—

Such a transition must suggest,
Whether thou wert or not—sincere,
To thought and feeling many a test,
At once protracted and severe.

It might be spleen, it might be pride,
Or monkish bigotry's stern voice
Which bade thee on this step decide;—
If so—who must not mourn thy choice?

That choice might have a nobler source,
And from far holier motives spring;
Which, bearing blessings in their course,
Might prove a pleasing offering.

Thou might'st have proved how little all
Religion's outward pomp and power
The soul from earth can disenthral,
And fit it for its parting hour.

And having thus been taught to trace
 Snares in the path thy feet had trod ;
Thou sought'st this solitary place,
 Here to "prepare to meet thy God!"

I love to think it thus might be ;—
 For e'en the very thought appears
To shed upon this spot, and thee,
 A charm my inmost soul reveres.

For though the act which gave it birth,
 View'd in itself, I may not prize ;
My spirit feels, and owns the worth
 Of self-devoting sacrifice !

I love to trace the latent good
 Which dwells in widely diff'rent creeds ;
Which still, in thought's divinest mood,
 With every purer votary pleads.

I love to think that while thine own
 Held much by mine rejected,—still
The "tried, the precious corner-stone"
 Of each—was brought from CALV'RY'S HILL.

Thine may a prouder dome have built,—
An humbler tabernacle—mine ;
To BOTH—the blood which there was spilt
Alone could sanctify the shrine.

'Tis soothing thus to feel, and think,
Musing upon this spot, and thee ;
And fancy on the grave's dread brink
That such thy feelings, thoughts might be.

That here, through many a lonely day,
And many a solitary night,
Thy life and converse might display
The truly Christian anchorite.

Thy matins—many a tuneful strain,
From gladsome nature's feather'd throng ;
The hoarser music of the main
Thy still more solemn vesper-song.

Thus fancy paints thy parting years,
Their close—a calm, and hopeful scene ;
And thee, bewail'd by peasants' tears,
A FOLLOWER OF THE NAZARENE !

SONNET

ON LEAVING LEISTON ABBEY.

FAREWELL ! beloved asylum, for awhile :—

I now must turn me to the world again ;
 And in the busier haunts of bustling men
 Pursue life's daily duties.—Rev'rend pile !
 Although between us many a weary mile
 Must shortly intervene, yet may I, when
 I leave the scene which now inspires my pen,
 Bear with me thoughts that have no worldly guile.

The CHAINLESS SPIRIT *will* at times elope,
 And visit scenes it prizes ; so may mine,
 In hours of lawful leisure, seek this shrine,
 To feed each purer feeling, nurse each hope
 Call'd forth in gentle musings here, to cope
 With *things of earth*, and soar to *things divine* !

THE BUTTERFLY.

BEAUTIFUL creature ! I have been
 Moments uncounted watching thee,
Now flitting round the foliage green
 Of yonder dark, embow'ring tree ;
And now again, in frolic glee,
 Hov'ring around those opening flowers,
Happy as nature's child should be,
 Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.

And I have gazed upon thy flight,
 Till feelings I can scarce define,
Awaken'd by so fair a sight,
 With desultory thoughts combine
Not to induce me to repine,
 Or envy thee thy happiness ;
But from a lot so bright as thine
 To borrow musings born to bless.

For unto him whose spirit reads
Creation with a Christian's eye,
Each happy living creature pleads
The cause of Him who reigns on high ;
Who spann'd the earth, and arch'd the sky,
Gave life to every thing that lives,
And still delighteth to supply
With happiness the life He gives.

This truth may boast but little worth,
Enforced by rhet'ric's frigid powers ;—
But when it has its quiet birth -
In contemplation's silent hours ;
When Summer's brightly peopled bowers
Bring *home* its teachings *to the heart*,
Then birds and insects, shrubs and flowers
Its touching eloquence impart.

Then thou, delightful creature, who
Wert yesterday a sightless worm,
Becom'st a symbol fair and true
Of hopes that own no mortal term ;
In thy proud change we see the germ
Of Man's sublimer destiny,
While holiest oracles confirm
The type of immortality !

A change more glorious far than thine,
E'en I, thy fellow-worm, may know,
When this exhausted frame of mine
Down to its kindred dust shall go:
When the anxiety and woe
Of being's embryo state shall seem
Like phantoms flitting to and fro
In some confus'd and feverish dream.

For thee, who flittest gaily now,
With all thy nature asks—supplied,
A few brief summer days, and thou
No more amid these haunts shalt glide,
As hope's fair herald—in thy pride
The sylph-like genius of the scene,
But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,
Shalt be—as thou hadst never been!

While Man's immortal part, when Time
Shall set the chainless spirit free,
May seek a brighter, happier clime
Than Fancy e'er could feign for thee:
Though bright her fairy bowers may be,
Yet brief as bright their beauties fade,
And sad Experience mourns to see
Each gourd Hope trusted in—decay'd.

But in those regions, calm and pure,
To which our holiest wishes cling,
Joys, that eternally endure,
Shall bloom in everlasting Spring:
There seraph harps, of golden string,
Are vocal to the great I AM,
And souls redeem'd their anthems sing
Of grateful praises to THE LAMB!

Shall they who here anticipate,
Through Faith's strong vision, eagle-eyed,
Those joys immortal that await
Angelic spirits purified,
Shall such, however deeply tried,
E'er cast their glorious hopes away?
Oh! be those hopes their heaven-ward guide,
Their stedfast anchor, and their stay.

Though many a flower that sweetly deck'd
Life's early path, but bloom'd to fade;
Though sorrow, poverty, neglect—
Now seem to wrap their souls in shade;—
Let these look upward, undismay'd,
From thorny paths, in anguish trod
To regions where—in light array'd,
Still dwells their Saviour, and their God.

Sport on then, lovely Summer fly,
 With whom began my votive strain :—
Yet purer joys *their* hopes supply,
 Who, by Faith's alchemy, obtain
Comfort in sorrow, bliss in pain,
 Freedom in bondage, light in gloom,
Through earthly losses heavenly gain,
 And LIFE IMMORTAL through THE TOMB.

TO LOUISA —.

I SAT beside thy couch of pain,
 I trust, with no unfeeling heart ;
 Yet seem'd more prompt—*support to gain,*
 Than *consolation to impart.*

And it was grateful thus to feel
 (For thy sake, and my own no less)
 The mute, yet eloquent appeal
 Of unrepining cheerfulness !

I felt how little Friendship's power,
 Or fond Affection's dearer voice
 Could lend—in many a lingering hour,
 To teach a Sufferer to rejoice.

I thought how much more powerless still
The idle tinkling of the lyre,
Though Genius might combine with Skill
To wake for thee its trembling wire.

Thus thinking, with delight I saw
And felt, if feeling—thought—were mine,
That thou could'st consolation draw
From a deep fountain more divine.

E'en from that hidden, holier spring,
Which, like Bethesda's healing wave,
Owns the descending Angel's wing
Ruffle its waters but *to save!*

The waters of that far fan'd pool
Were, to the outward eye, as clear,
And to the outward touch as cool,
Before the Visitant drew near.

But while untroubled, they possess'd
No healing virtue!—gentle friend,
Is there no fount *within the breast*,
To which an Angel may descend?

O'er which, with influence from on high,
A spirit hovers, prompt to bless ;
Whose presence, hid from mortal eye,
The waken'd feelings oft confess ?

Oh ! if thou hast, as I conceive,
Known aught of this reveal'd within ;
May strength be given thee to believe
In the Great Sacrifice for Sin.

In Him, now risen and thron'd above,
Whose word the impotent made whole ;
Who is no less in boundless love
The Great Physician of the Soul.

Welcome, with humble joy His power ;
By present suffering undeterr'd :—
To know of Grace the healing dower,
The Heart's deep fountain must be stirr'd !

While in unruffled calm it lies,
Its mirror only can display—
However beautiful their dyes,
The forms of things that pass away.

Nor can it, in its natural rest,
 However pure to outward view,
Be with that holier virtue blest,
 Which life and vigour can renew.

But when its troubled waters own
 A SAVIOUR'S touch; in every wave
The healing power of Grace is known,
 And found omnipotent to save.

A glimpse of glories far more bright
 Than earth can give—is mirror'd there;
And grateful love and cloudless light
 The presence of its God declare!

TO THE MEMORY OF EDWIN PRICE,

OF NEATH ABBEY, GLAMORGANSHIRE: WRITTEN AFTER
PERUSING THE ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST ILLNESS, AND
DEATH.

THERE needs no more ! it is enough
 To trace this sketch of thee !
The heart must be “ of sterner stuff ”
 Than poet’s, sure, should be,
Which this Memorial fails to melt ;—
Which has not deeply, fondly felt
 The truths it well may teach,
How patient gentleness can prove
The power of everlasting love,
 And silent suffering preach.

Not lengthen'd life, had life been given,
 Perchance had more avail'd
 To show to hearts, with anguish riven,
 A spirit *meekly mail'd*;
 Mail'd—not in armour forg'd by pride
 Of human strength, but that supplied
 To humble prayer alone,
 The shield of Faith, the Spirit's sword,
 The presence of that Conq'ring Lord,
 Whose arm supports his own.

The spirit of a Man may bear
 The minor ills of life,
 Yet well may shrink in dumb despair
 From Nature's closing strife;—
 Except in that appalling hour,
 Redeeming Grace afford the power
 To bless, with parting breath,
 HIM “ who ascended up on high,
 Who robb'd the grave of victory,
 And took its sting from death !”

Such lot was thine :—but not to thee,
Or MAN, the praise be given ;
As such, on sorrow's billowy sea
Thy bark had vainly striven ;
Vain, vain had been the idle boast
Of life more spotless far than most
On earth below display ;
And vain the confidence inspired
By manners, feelings, tastes admired
In thee—through Life's brief day.

But these when sanctified by Him
Who gave, who claim'd them all,
Instead of growing dark or dim,
At Death's resistless call,
Display'd an influence more divine,
And seem'd with added light to shine,
As smiling at the gloom
With which our Reason's vaunted might,
Left to itself, would clothe in night
The entrance to the tomb.

In thee that straight and narrow way
Awoke no fearful dread ;
There Christian Hope's unclouded ray,
There Mercy's hue was shed ;
Thou saw'st, by holy Faith reveal'd,
Him whose atoning blood repeal'd
The law of Death and Sin ;—
Given, through the Covenant of Life,
From frail mortality's last strife
Immortal bliss to win.

Yet, ere that victory was obtain'd
Which crowns the Christian race,
By pureness, meekness, love unfeign'd,
Was shown the growth of Grace :—
Before the glorious Crown was worn,
By thee the Christian Cross was borne,
Relinquish'd earth's pursuits,—
And patience, gentleness, and prayer,
Gave thee, while in the flesh, to bear
The Spirit's genuine fruits.

And cold indeed must be the heart

Which owns not, nor can feel

Of this brief record, void of art,

The eloquent appeal ;—

Wherein the lesson thus supplied

Of natural feelings sanctified

By hopes that soar'd above—

Can give no aspiration force,

Wake no desire to seek the Source

Of all-absorbing Love.

That Love with which thy heart o'erflow'd—

Which, in the trying hour,

On Nature's dearest ties bestow'd

A purer, holier power ;

Which gave thee strength to comfort those

Who to the painful conflict's close

Their part so well discharged ;

Which in a servant own'd a friend,

Proving how Earth's distinctions end

In Souls by Heaven enlarged.

Well might thy pious parent own
This spirit-touching sign,
By which affinity was shown
To heaven's pure law divine :—
'Tis as our spirits upward mount,
'Tis as our souls approach love's fount,
Where fears no more appal,
That thought and feeling, soul and sense,
Own its baptizing influence,
And GOD IS ALL IN ALL !

Think not the unknown bard who pays
This tribute to thy worth,
For thee, or for himself would raise
One thought allied to earth :—
What most he loves in thee—deriv'd
Its light from heaven, and still surviv'd
Death's transitory night ;
Each thought, each feeling he would wake,
Link'd with thy memory, should partake
Its own immortal light.

Even the tears affection brought
To grace thine early bier,
Could scarcely be with anguish fraught,
But pangless, sweet, and clear ;
And hearts most closely knit to thine,
Though wounded, dared not to repine,
Or heave one bitter sigh,
When to FAITH'S ear THE SPIRIT said
BLESSED FOR EVER ARE THE DEAD,
WHO IN THEIR SAVIOUR DIE !

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FAIR Flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober grey
Thy cup of paly gold ;—

Be thine the offering, owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve
Thy scatter'd blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope—that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth Mercy's ray.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF BLOOMFIELD,

THE SUFFOLK POET.

THOU should'st not to the grave descend
 Unmourn'd, unhonour'd, or unsung ;—
 Could harp of mine record thine end,
 For thee that rude harp should be strung,
 And plaintive sounds as ever rung
 Should all its simple notes employ,
 Lamenting unto old, and young,
 The Bard who sang THE FARMER'S BOY.

Did Eastern Anglia boast a lyre
 Like that which gave thee modest fame,
 How justly might its every wire
 Thy minstrel honours loud proclaim :
 And many a stream of humble name,
 And village-green, and common wild—
 Should witness tears that knew not shame,
 By Nature won for Nature's child.

The HARVEST HOME's rejoicing cup
Should pause—when that sad note was heard ;
The WIDOW turn HER HOUR-GLASS up,
With tenderest feeling newly stirr'd ;
And many a pity-waken'd word,
And sighs that speak when language fails,
Should prove thy simple strains preferr'd
To prouder poet's lofty tales.

Circling the OLD OAK TABLE ROUND,
Whose moral worth thy measure owns,
Heroes and heroines yet are found,
Like ABNER AND THE WIDOW JONES ;
There Gilbert Meldrum's sterner tones
In virtue's cause are bold and free ;
And e'en the patient sufferer's moans,
In pain, and sorrow—plead for thee.

Nor thus beneath the straw roof'd eot,
Alone, should thoughts of thee pervade
Hearts which confess thee unforgot
On heathy hill, in grassy glade ;
In many a spot by thee array'd
With hues of thought, with fancy's gleam,
Thy memory lives !—in EUSTON's shade,
By BARNHAM WATER's shadeless stream !

And long may guileless hearts preserve
Thy memory and its tablets be:—
While nature's healthful feelings nerve
The arm of labour toiling free,
While childhood's innocence and glee
With green old age enjoyment share;
RICHARDS and KATES shall tell of thee,
WALTERS and JANES thy name declare.

On themes like these, if yet there breath'd
A Doric lay so sweet as thine,
Might artless flowers of verse be wreath'd
Around thy modest name to twine:
And though nor lute nor lyre be mine
To bid thy minstrel honours live,
The praise my numbers can assign
It still is soothing thus to give.

There needs, in truth, no lofty lyre
To yield thy muse her homage due;
The praise her loveliest charms inspire
Should be as artless, simple too;
Her eulogist should keep in view
Thy meek and unassuming worth,
And inspiration should renew
At springs which gave thine own its birth.

Those springs may boast no classic name
 To win the smile of letter'd pride,
 Yet is their noblest charm the same
 As that by CASTALY supplied ;
 From AGANIPPE'S crystal tide
 No brighter, fairer waves can start,
 Than nature's quiet teachings guide
 From feeling's fountain o'er the heart.

'Tis to THE HEART Song's noblest power—
 Taste's purest precepts must refer ;
 And *Nature's tact*, not *Art's* proud dower,
 Remains its best interpreter :
 He who shall trust, without demur,
 What his own better feelings teach,
 Although unlearn'd, shall seldom err,
 But to the hearts of others reach.

It is not quaint and local terms
 Besprinkled o'er thy rustic lay,
 Though well such dialect confirms
 Its power unletter'd minds to sway,
 It is not *these* that most display
 Thy sweetest charms, thy gentlest thrall,—
 Words, phrases, fashions, pass away,
 But TRUTH and NATURE live through all.

These, these have given thy rustie lyre
Its truest, and its tenderest spell ;
These amid Britain's tuneful choir
Shall give thy honour'd name to dwell :
And when Death's shadowy curtain fell
Upon thy toilsome earthly lot,
With grateful joy thy heart might swell
To feel that these reproach'd thee not.

How wise, how noble was thy choice
To be the bard of simple swains,—
In all their pleasures to rejoice,
And soothe with sympathy their pains ;
To paint with feeling in thy strains
The themes their thoughts and tongues discuss,
And be, though free from classic chains,
Our own more chaste THEOCRITUS.

For this should SUFFOLK proudly own
Her grateful, and her lasting debt ;
How much more proudly—had she known
That pining care, and keen regret,
Thoughts which the fever'd spirits fret,
And slow disease,—'twas thine to bear ;—
And, ere thy sun of life was set,
Had won her Peet's grateful prayer.

'Tis now TOO LATE ! the scene is clos'd,
Thy conflicts borne, thy trials o'er ;
And in the peaceful grave repos'd
That frame which pain shall rack no more !—
Peace to the Bard whose artless store
Was spread for nature's humblest child ;
Whose song, well meet for peasant lore,
Was lowly, simple, undefil'd.

Yet long may guileless hearts preserve
The memory of thy song and thee :—
While nature's healthful feelings nerve
The arm of labour toiling free,
While SUFFOLK PEASANTRY may be
Such as thy sweetest tales make known,
By cottage-hearth, by green-wood tree,
Be BLOOMFIELD call'd with pride *their own* !

FAITH AND SCEPTICISM,

A SONNET.

I SAW, in visions of still thought reveal'd,
 Two silent forms before me: both were fair,
 Yet oh! how much unlike that voiceless pair,
 Except in outward beauty. One appeal'd
 To all, save hearts by pride or passion steel'd,
 With meek-eyed gentleness; and seem'd to wear
 Mixt with each human charm an heavenlier air,
 To which Humanity had wisely kneel'd.
 Beautiful was the other speechless shade,
 And call'd herself *Philosophy*—but proud,
 Cold, statue-like, she look'd upon the crowd
 Who to the lovelier Spirit homage paid:—
 Her name was SCEPTICISM! that gentler Maid
 Was titled FAITH by acclamations loud!

LEISTON ABBEY,

BY MOONLIGHT.

IMPOSING must have been the sight,
Ere desolation found thee,
When morning's radiance, breaking bright,
With new-born glories crown'd thee.

When, rising from the neighb'ring deep,
The eye of day survey'd thee,
Arous'd thine inmates from their sleep,
And in his beams array'd thee.

E'en now my fancy half recalls
That scene of long-past splendour,
And sees thy proudly-sculptur'd walls
Reflected light surrender.

I see the bright sun's glorious rays
Thine eastern oriel light'ning,
Where saints and martyrs by its blaze
In rainbow hues are bright'ning.

Nor thus to fancy's *eye* alone
Thine earlier glories glisten;—
Her *ear* can dwell on many a tone
To which 'tis sweet to listen.

Methinks I hear the matin song
From those proud arches pealing;
Now loud and clear,—now borne along
On echo softly stealing.

And yet, however grand the scene
My thoughts have been pourtraying,
To me more touching far, I ween,
What now I am surveying.

More touching, at this moonlight hour,
Art thou in desolation,
Than in thy once resplendent power
Of earlier decoration.

More softly beautiful, by far,
Thy silent ruins, sleeping
In silvery moonshine,—with that star
Through yonder proud arch peeping.

How lovely seems that wall-flower fringe,
Which crests thy turrets hoary,
Touch'd by the moonbeams with a tinge
Of long-departed glory.

How sweetly looks that fleecy cloud
Upon yon tall tower resting ;
Contrasted with the ivy shroud
Its lofty height investing.

How spirit-soothing is the sound
Of night-winds, softly sighing
Through roofless walls and arches round,—
And then in silence dying.

Oh! let thy charms be what they would,
When first thy towers were planted,
A nobler still, in thought's best mood,
Is to thy ruins granted.

LANDGUARD FORT.

Landguard Fort stands upon a point of land two miles from the Cliff at Felixstow, at the south-east corner of the county of Suffolk ; and has the appearance, at high-water, of being surrounded by the sea. A pretty little vignette view of it is given in Raw's Pocket Book, for 1824.

IN boyhood it was mine, by chance,
 'Mid thy embattled walls to stray;
 When all that met my eager glance
 Heighten'd a school-boy's holiday :
 The sun shone bright, the scene was gay,
 Array'd in Fancy's glowing hue ;
 And well the summer billows' play
 Suited the heaven's o'er-arching blue.

If engines of destruction round
 A sadder thought, or sigh might raise,
 That transient feeling soon was drown'd,
 That shade dispell'd—by Glory's rays ;
 False Glory, whose delusive blaze
 Bewilders childhood's thoughtless eye,
 And makes it e'en with rapture gaze
 On what should wake its sympathy.

Thus much that might awaken feeling
Which *now* would qualify delight,
Then only to the eye appealing
But gratified my roving sight :
Boy-like, I fancied then—how bright
Must gleam the banner of the brave,
How the proud thunders of the fight
Would echo o'er the buoyant wave.

Then—had imagination rear'd
Her airy edifice,—I ween
Phantoms by chivalry endear'd
Had beautified thy barren scene ;
And on the marge of ocean green
Thou wouldst have shone in feudal pride,
While all thine inmates, too, had been
With gallant deeds of arms allied.

But should I seek thy fortress now—
That Time, with his relentless hand,
Has tam'd my thoughts, and touch'd my brow ;—
These idle dreams, by Fancy plann'd,
No more would decorate thy strand ;—
They were but like the forms we trace
At ebb of tide upon the sand,
Which soon returning waves efface.

For it has been my lot to know,
 Since I thus idly look'd on thee,
Full many an ebb, and many a flow
 Of Time's for ever restless sea,
Whose morning sunshine used to be
 So beautifully bright of yore,
Where now the mists of eve—to me,
 Seem slowly, darkly gath'ring o'er.

But morning's beams were not more bright
 Than evening's mists may be serene;
Nor e'en their darkness should affright,
 If, while it sheds its shadowy screen
On busy Life's concluding scene,
 Some glimm'rings of eternal day
Through parting clouds may intervene,
 To chase their sadder gloom away.

This is the last, most glorious hope,
 And triumph of immortal mind;
And he who gives its influence scope,
 Whate'er his lot on earth assign'd,
Whether neglected by mankind,
 Or prais'd,—the idol of an hour,
May, in his aspirations, find
 The meed of intellectual power!

That power is granted unto all
By whom its genuine worth is known ;—
And he who will not basely fall
Before a worldly idol's throne,
Shall meekly bear the coldness shown
By Mammon's crew, and Folly's crowd,
And with his mind's true wealth his own,
Be cheaply rich, and humbly proud.

Nor, should I now revisit thee,
The subject of this artless song,
Could Fancy fail to furnish me
From objects which to thee belong,
Of soothing thoughts a countless throng,
And some memorial of thee raise ;
Yet seek no theme for verse among
The memories of departed days.

For thou beside the vast profound
Of ocean, still maintain'st thy sway ;
Thou hast thy lonely burial-ground,
Adorn'd with low stones, moss'd and grey,
Whose brief inscriptions waste away
Beneath the ocean-breeze's spell ;
And there, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Still walks the nightly centinel.

On each, on all these passing themes
A minstrel wreath might well be won ;
But Time, who heeds no Poet's dreams,
Reminds me that my race is run ;—
In thought I hear thy sun-set gun,
Which tells the flight of parting day ;
And like that softly-setting sun,
My minstrel vision fades away !

HEATH MUSINGS ;

COMPOSED ON SUTTON WALKS.

I LOVE upon a Summer's eve,
 The solitary heath to trace ;
 And let my feelings—thoughts receive
 The tone of its uncultur'd grace.

To be the denizen, awhile,
 Of free-born Nature's sylvan reign,
 And feel her rudest charms beguile
 My bosom of its fev'rish pain.

“ Unknown, unplough'd, untrodden shore,”
 As Campbell sang of scenes more wild,
 “ For man's neglect I love thee more !”
 Thou by the world art undefil'd.

Gain's breathless silence, prone to chill
Each generous impulse of the heart,
May vie not with the purer thrill
Thy soothing solitudes impart.

And Glory's din, howe'er elate
Its most triumphant shouts may be,
Can boast no music that may mate
With melody supplied by thee.

Thy stillness is the tranquil hush
Of thoughts and feelings born of earth ;
Thy harmony—the happy gush
Of praise to Him who gave it birth.

Well may the Bard delight to roam
In such a meditative scene ;
His canopy heaven's vaulted dome,
His carpet earth's enamell'd green.

His orchestra—the warbled lay
Of many a viewless, happy bird,
The bleat of lambs, the fitful bay
Of shepherd's dog, at distance heard.

Such are the sounds that greet mine ear ;
Nor lacks the eye its own delight,
For many a simple flower springs here,
To feast the roving loit'rer's sight.

Though these the florist might despise,
Their native charms my homage claim ;
Their graceful forms, and beauteous dies
Might rival those of prouder fame.

In them I contemplate the lot
Too oft by suff'ring genius known,
To live unheeded, and forgot,
And die neglected, and alone.

Yet no !—if thus may bloom and die,
The soul-less tenant of the sod,
Genius, immortal, builds on high
Its purest hopes, and soars to God !

THE HEART'S MOTTO.

“FORGET ME NOT *.”

APPEALING language ! unto me
 How much thy words impart ;
 Most justly may they claim to be
 The Motto of the Heart ;
 Whose fondest feelings, still the same,
 Whate'er its earthly lot,
 Prefer alike this touching claim,
 And say “ Forget me not !”

The Soldier—who for glory dies,
 However bright may seem
 The fame he wins in others' eyes,
 Would own that fame a dream,
 Did he not hope its better part
 Would keep him unforgot ;—
 The chosen motto of his heart
 Is still—“ Forget me not !”

* Written for a Miscellany, published annually by R. Ackerman, under the above title.

The Sailor—tost on stormy seas,
Though far his bark may roam,
Still hears a voice in every breeze
That wakens thoughts of home :—
He thinks upon his distant friends,
His wife, his humble cot,
And from his inmost heart ascends
The prayer—“ Forget me not !”

The Sculptor—Painter,—while they trace
On canvas, or in stone,
Another's figure, form, or face,
Our Motto's spirit own ;
Each thus would fondly leave behind
His semblance,—and for what ?
But that the thought which fills his mind
Is this—“ Forget me not !”

The Poet, too,—who borne along
In thought to distant time,
Pours forth his inmost soul in song,
Holds fast this hope sublime ;
He would a glorious name bequeath
Oblivion shall not blot ;
And round that name his thoughts enwreath
The words—“ Forget me not !”

Our Motto is, in truth, the voice
Of NATURE in the heart ;—
For who from mortal life, by choice,
Forgotten would depart ?
Nor is the wish by GRACE abhorr'd,
Or counted as a spot ;
Even the language of OUR LORD
Is still—" Forget me not !"

Within the heart HIS SPIRIT speaks
The words of truth divine ;
And by its heavenly teaching seeks
To make that heart His shrine :
This is the " still, small voice," which all
In city, or in grot,
May *hear*, and *live* !—its gentle call
Is " Man, Forget me not !"

STANZAS TO A CLERICAL FRIEND,

RESIDENT ON A REMOTE CURACY.

A LONELY residence is thine,
A solitary cure ;
Yet there may Gospel graces shine,
With lustre meek and pure.

Well pleased am I to think thy choice
Hath led to such a spot ;
May it be given thee to rejoice
In thy secluded lot.

The streamlet which through gardens flows
May shine with added pride,
Exulting in each flower that grows
Upon its cultur'd side :

But more delightful, in my view,
That brook whose hidden grace
Gives Health's warm tinge, and Hope's fresh hue
To some lone, desert place.

Then bear thee up, my friend, as one
Who knows of souls the cost ;
No Christian duty left undone
To seek and save the lost.

So may the frowning wilderness,
And lonely place be glad ;
The barren desert joy confess,
And be with roses clad.

May the once parched ground become
A crystal pool profound !
The thirsty land, where life seem'd dumb,
With gushing springs resound.

'Till hearts that once His love abhorr'd,
Turn to its saving light,
And with the glory of THE LORD
Thy solitude be bright !

FROM THE ITALIAN
OF
LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

FOLLOW that fervour, O devoted spirit !
With which thy Saviour's goodness fires thy breast ;
Go where it draws,—and when it calls—Oh ! hear it,
It is thy Shepherd's voice, and leads to rest.

In this thy new devotedness of feeling—
Suspicion, envy, anger, have no claim ;
Sure Hope is highest happiness revealing,
With peace, and gentleness, and purest fame.

For, in thy holy and thy happy sadness.
If tears or sighs are sometimes sown by thee !
In the pure regions of immortal gladness
Sweet and eternal shall thine harvest be.

Leave them to say "This people's meditation
Is vain and idle!"—sit with ear and eye
Fix'd upon CHRIST in child-like dedication,
O thou inhabitant of Bethany.

BISHOP HUBERT.

'Tis the hour of even now,
When, with pensive, thoughtful brow,
Seeking truths as yet unknown,
Bishop Hubert walks alone.

Fain would he, by earnest thought,
Nature's secret laws be taught ;
Learn the destinies of Man,
And Creation's wonders scan.

From these data he would trace
Hidden mysteries of Grace,
Dive into a deeper theme,
Solve Redemption's glorious scheme.

So he flings aside to-day
Mitre's pomp, and crosier's sway,
Seeks the desert's silent scene,
And the marge of ocean green.

Far he has not roam'd—before,
On that solitary shore,
He has found a little child,
By its seeming play beguil'd.

In the drifted, barren sand
It has scoop'd, with baby hand,
Small recess, in which might float
Sportive Fairy's tiny boat.

From a hollow shell, the while,
See! 'tis filling, with a smile,
Pool as shallow as may be
With the waters of the Sea.

Hear the smiling Bishop ask
“What can mean such infant task?”
Mark that infant's answer plain,
“'Tis to hold yon mighty main!”

‘ Foolish trifler !’—Hubert cries,
“ Open, if thou canst, thine eyes ;
Can a shallow, scoop’d by thee,
Hope to hold yon boundless sea ?

“ Know’st thou not its space transcends
All thy fancy comprehends ?—
Ope thy childish eyes, and know
Fathomless its depths below.”

Soon that child—on ocean’s brim,
Opes its eyes, and turns to HIM !
Well does Hubert read its look,
Glance of innocent rebuke.

While a voice is heard to say
“ If the pool, thus scoop’d in play,
Cannot hold yon mighty sea,
Vain must thy researches be.

“ Canst thou hope to make thine own
Secrets known to God alone ?
Can thy faculties confined
Fathom THE ETERNAL MIND ?”

Bishop Hubert turns away,
He has learnt enough to-day;
Learnt how little Man can know
While a Pilgrim here below.

Reader! wouldst thou wiser be,
Let this truth suffice for thee,
Seek not what is sought in vain,
Knowledge by OBEDIENCE gain.

Be presumption's sin abhorr'd;
For the secrets of the Lord,
If reveal'd to Mortals here
Dwell with those who LOVE, and FEAR!

SONNET.

O LET it not be said that, in our isle,
 The Poet's page, which should be consecrate
 To truths the Scriptures bid us venerate,
 Bestows its aid to darken, and defile !
 Let us not forfeit meek RELIGION's smile,
 Hopes, cherish'd by the wise, the good, the great,
 And blindly bow to dark, mysterious FATE,
 Because the Sceptic may those hopes revile.
 Here MILTON's harp has rung a SAVIOUR's praise,
 With classic majesty, and christian power ;
 And COWPER's Muse, in sweetly varied lays
 Prov'd how exhaustless was her home-born
 dower :
 Then let not later Bards, in evil hour,
 Show that our lot has fallen on dark, degen'rate days.

ON A PORTRAIT

BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

A CORONET or crown might well
Adorn that regal brow ;
And radiant there—its magic spell
Would bid the vulgar bow.

But to the Poet's gifted eye
The rich tiara's aid
No powers nor graces could supply
That are not here pourtray'd.

All rank or royalty can give,
With them must pass away ;
The attendant stars can ne'er outlive
Their planet's dying ray !

But features bright as these, alone
A prouder homage win ;
Here shines the intellectual throne,
The immortal mind within.

Where beauty, talent, taste combine—
The Muses' humblest lay
Shares with the Spirit of the shrine
Its freedom from decay :—

The hidden spell from which it springs—
Mind—Mind alone—can wake,
And makes it, like the Soul it sings,
Immortal for its sake.

TO THE ORWELL.

THE sun may as brightly illumine thy stream ;
 The moonlight as softly may sleep on thy tide ;
 As green and luxuriant the foliage may seem
 Of the beautiful groves which embellish thy side :—
 All these may, unchanged in their loveliness, be
 What they were when their charms were delightful
 to me.

And hearts that beat lightly, as mine used to beat,
 And eyes that are carelessly happy and gay,
 With the same throbs of pleasure thy beauties may
 greet,
 With the same glance of rapture thy landscape
 survey :—

But to me, could I now by thy waters sojourn,
 The feelings they waken'd no more could return.

'Tis not that indiff'rence has stol'n o'er my heart,
Or shed aught of dimness to weigh down mine eye ;
To the first thou couldst still some emotions impart,
To the last thou couldst yet true enjoyment supply ;
But the heart-thrilling feelings thy beauties once fed,
With the morn of existence for ever have fled.

The spell which in boyhood such magic convey'd
To thy fairest of features, was never thine own ;
The brightness and beauty which over them play'd
Were shed on those features by childhood alone :—
Half the fancy and feeling which rose from thy wave
The freshness of life to my young spirit gave.

For fancy and feeling, while Life is yet new,
Can brighten its sunshine, and soften its shade,
'Till the landscape around us is deck'd, to our view,
With borrow'd attractions, that charm but to
fade :

While youth, ever ardent, and hopes in their prime
Believe those attractions enduring as time.

It is good to believe thus, in youth's happy hour ;
While it can be unbroken, O ! break not the spell ;
When those exquisite hopes of the heart are in flower,
It is sweet on their fragrance and beauty to dwell ;
And wiser to fancy 't will always be thus,
Than, coldly ungrateful, their date to discuss.

The Creator is honour'd ! existence adorn'd—
By the blissful enjoyments, and hopes of the young,
Ere the heart's early homage from good is suborn'd,
Or its innocent feelings restrain'd from the tongue ;
It is good to believe in such visions of youth,
And the dictate of wisdom to trust in their truth.

But O ! it is better, and wiser by far,
When the cloudless effulgence of youth is gone by,
And the mists and the storms of the world seem to mar
The glory which once so enchanted the eye ;
It is better and wiser, in sorrow and pain,
Through faith and through patience our hopes to
sustain.

Those hopes, humbly cherish'd, may render it sweet
To recur to attractions too lovely to last ;
And the scenes they have brighten'd more fondly we
greet,

When a pledge for the future is drawn from the past ;
And, in Faith's eagle vision 'tis given us to see
From what we once have been, what yet we may be.

Flow on, then, sweet ORWELL ! nor will I regret
That some of thy earlier enchantments have flown ;
Enough if their memory remain to me yet,
And *this* be the lesson their charms have made
known,
That when the warm raptures of boyhood are past,
FAITH, HOPE, and ENDURANCE their sway can out-
last.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

THE flowret's bloom is faded,
Its glossy leaf grown sere ;
The landscape round is shaded
By Winter's frown austere.

The dew, once sparkling lightly
On grass of freshest green,
In heavier drops unsightly
On matted weeds is seen.

No songs of joy to gladden
From leafy woods emerge ;
But winds, in tones that sadden,
Breathe nature's mournful dirge.

All sights and sounds appealing,
Through merely outward sense,
To joyful thought and feeling,
Seem now departed hence.

But not, with such is banish'd
The bliss that life can lend ;
Nor with such things hath vanish'd
Its truest, noblest end.

The toys that charm, and leave us,
Are fancy's fleeting elves ;
All that should glad, or grieve us,
Exists within ourselves.

Enjoyment's genuine essence
Is virtue's godlike dower ;
Its most triumphant presence
Illumes the darkest hour.

ELLEN'S DIRGE.

I SAW thee borne unto the tomb,
 With thoughts too sweet for sorrow ;
 For thou, thus wither'd ere thy bloom,
 Mayst know a brighter morrow.

No stately train the feeling chill'd
 Thy early death excited ;
 Thy simple funeral rites but thrill'd
 Bosoms which pomp had slighted.

'Twas meet thou thus shouldst sink in earth,
 Each stormier passion ending ;
 That from thy grave should spring to birth
 Calm thoughts, with pure hopes blending.

In that calm hope may they be hush'd
Who follow'd, sad and slowly ;
And others, whose warm tears have gush'd,
Confess its influence holy.

Let such not darkly grieve for thee
With hopeless lamentation ;
But in thy happier portion see
And feel their consolation.

TO A SPRIG OF MIGNONETTE,

GATHERED IN WINTER.

THE lingering perfume of thy flower,
 Its dying fragrance, sadly sweet,
 Though faint to that of Summer's bower,
 It still is soothing thus to greet.

The gusty winds, the dark'ning cloud,
 The chilly mists, and rain, and dews,
 And drifted leaves which half enshroud
 Thy beauties,—all delight my Muse,

And boast a charm that far outvies
 The grace of Summer's proudest day,
 When varied blooms of richer dyes
 Unfolded to the sun's warm ray.

To me thy yet surviving bloom
And lingering sweetness can recall
Hearts which, unchill'd by gath'ring gloom,
Can meekly *live* and *love* through all.

From such, in seasons dark and drear,
Immortal hopes of noblest worth,
Feelings and thoughts to virtue dear,
Gush like thy dying fragrance forth,

And fling a holier charm around
Than prosperous hours could ever know ;
For rapture's smile less fair is found
Than that which Patience lends to Woe !

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

“ And it came to pass that the Beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham’s bosom : the rich man also died, and was buried.”

IN wakeful dreams of thought
 Before my view was brought,
 By Fancy’s vivid art, the solemn hour
 When Lazarus, revil’d,
 And Dives, Fortune’s child,
 Alike confess’d stern Death’s resistless power.

How opposite the scene !
 The first, with brow serene,
 Receiv’d the mandate with a grateful smile ;
 A smile that seem’d to say
 What here should tempt my stay ?
 What from the peaceful grave my thoughts beguile ?

Him Death's stern herald found
 By dogs encompass'd round,
 By dogs less brutal than Wealth's pamper'd son ;
 For they, at least, reliev'd
 The Suff'rer, hope-bereav'd,
 Whose only solace there from them was won.

The sight, methought, awoke
 In him who dealt the stroke
 A sense of pity ;—with a gentle hand,
 And glance that none could dread,
 Upon the Beggar's head
 He for a moment dropp'd his chilling wand.

That touch suffic'd !—for, straight
 Before the Minion's gate
 A lifeless, loathsome mass the Beggar lay,
 Which e'en the dogs with fear
 Beheld, and drew not near,
 But left to rav'ning birds their nat'ral prey.

Yet from that loathsome sight
 Up sprang a form of light,
 Radiant and beautiful as angels are ;
 And round that form, I ween,
 A heavenly host were seen
 Of seraphs bright, immortal, waiting there.

These with unfeign'd delight
Prepar'd to guide its flight
To the fair regions of eternal day ;
And soon from outward gaze,
With songs of joy and praise,
The glorious vision pass'd in light away.

But see ! the rich man's gate,
Where Lazarus of late
Lay, an unheeded spectacle of woe,
Shows an unwonted change,
And wears an aspect strange,
As sage and solemn passers come, and go.

These are no liv'ried train,
Who get their daily gain
By servile fawning on the pomp of wealth ;
These are the men of skill,
Whom Dives trusteth still,
From whom his ample hoards shall purchase health.

Vain, vain the idle dream !
Baffled is every scheme
Of boasted science to defraud the grave :
Mortality is just,
And calls alike to dust
Mammon's rich minion, Poverty's vile slave.

“ *The rich man also died!*”

But—was there nought beside?

He died, and *he was buried!*—Haste! prepare

The pomp of funeral woe,

And lay his reliques low

With solemn music, and with torches' glare.

Or let the proud array

Amid the blaze of day

Flaunt yet more coldly on the eye and heart ;

And show how little power

Has wealth in such an hour

One thrill of genuine feeling to impart.

What is there in the throng

Who slowly bear along

The cumbrous splendour of the gorgeous bier?

What in the guise of woe,

Are mourners following slow,

Whose downcast eyes confess no gen'rous tear?

Cold, blank, and lifeless all ;—

A pageant to appal!

An empty mockery of idle state,

To that heart-touching change,

And transformation strange,

Known by the Beggar at his palace-gate.

Reader! with envious eye,
Or discontented sigh,
Hast thou upon the worldling's splendour gaz'd?
'Mid poverty and care,
Hast thou in dumb despair
To Heaven a glance of hopeless anguish rais'd?

Are "*evil things*" thy lot?
Yet BEAR, and MURMUR NOT!
Ill can short-sighted Man his good discuss;
Brief pleasure could it give
Like Dives here *to live*,
Eternal joy *to die* like Lazarus!

A MEMORIAL OF JOHN WOOLMAN ;

A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, AMONG THE QUAKERS.

THERE is glory to me in thy Name,
 Meek follower of Bethlehem's Child !
 More touching by far than the splendours of Fame,
 With which the vain world is beguil'd :—
 'Tis the glory of goodness, the praise of the just,
 Which outlives even death, and is fragrant in dust.

The warrior may win for his brow
 The proud victor chaplet of bay ;—
 But innocent blood sheds a stain on the bough,
 And steals all its verdure away :
 While Humanity turns from the pageant aside,
 By the sorrows and suff'rings of others supplied.

Success on the Bard may bestow

The myrtle-wreath, meed of his lays ;

And brightly and gaily that trophy may glow

In the sunshine of popular praise :—

But if Virtue have turn'd from his page with disgust,

Soon, soon shall the trophy surrender its trust.

A king in his crown may rejoice ;

And Rank of its titles be proud ;

The Singer exult in the charms of his voice ;

And Pomp in the gaze of a crowd ;

And the martyr of Wealth, render'd poor by his store,

Be bow'd to by those who his Idol adore.

Yet the King must descend from his throne

When the day of JEHOVAH shall come ;

And titles be trustless, and Pomp stand alone,

And the voice of the Singer be dumb ;—

And Mammon, once worshipp'd, be loath'd and
abhorr'd,

In the just and the terrible day of THE LORD !

Then who with acceptance shall stand
 In the presence of glory and light,
Having palm-branch, or censer, or harp in the hand,
 And array'd in apparel of white,—
While that volume its awful contents shall reveal,
Which **THE LION OF JUDAH** alone can unseal?

Even they who through great tribulation
 Have worshipp'd the holy **I AM!**
Whose spiritual garments are pure by lavation
 In the all-cleansing blood of **THE LAMB!**
'Tis these, and these only, by day and by night,
Shall kneel in his temple, and stand in his sight.

From them must the chorus ascend
 Which shall peal through the confines of space,
Of "Holy! thrice holy! and praise without end
 Unto **GOD** for the gift of **HIS GRACE**;—
And praise to **THE LAMB**, who for mortals was slain,
Yet liveth for ever and ever to reign!"

In that heavenly and heart-thrilling song,

O Woolman ! can silence be thine ?

Or wilt thou not join with the jubilant throng

In Hosannas to glory divine ?—

Even such the fruition Faith whispers for Thee,

Nor happier nor holier could recompense be.

For, since those miraculous days

When marvellous wonders were rife,

When the blind gaz'd with joy, and the dumb sang

with praise,

And the dead were restor'd unto life,—

I know not of one whom my heart could allow

More worthy the name of APOSTLE than Thou.

Though not upon thee were out-pour'd

The gifts of that primitive age,

When wonders and signs spoke the power of THE

LORD,

And baffled Priest, Monarch, and Sage,—

In the heart's secret temple an altar was thine,

And a Priesthood was given in the innermost shrine.

Not to outward and visible sense

Did that Priesthood or Altar appeal ;

Yet pure were the oracles utter'd from thence,

And stamp'd with a questionless seal,

A seal which their spirits who felt them confest

By the power of thy CRUCIFIED MASTER imprest.

HIS glory alone was thy aim,

HIS kingdom's advance was thy scope ;

And THE CROSS which HE bore, with its suff'ring
and shame,

The object and end of thy Hope !

By faith in this hope was thy spirit sustain'd,

Through that Cross was the Crown of Apostleship
gain'd.

Then well may I think of thy Name,

Meek follower of Bethlehem's Child !

As enwreath'd with a glory more touching than Fame,

By which the vain world is beguil'd ;

That glory by CHRIST and HIS GOSPEL made known,

Which proclaims not THY praise, but THY MASTER'S
alone !

THE POET'S LOT.

ASKEST thou what it is to be
A Poet?—I will tell thee what ;
And show the thoughtless world, and thee,
His weary lot.

It is to sacrifice each good
That Fortune's favour'd minions share ;
And in unheeded solitude
Her frowns to bear.

It is to nourish hopes that cheat ;
Which, when he felt them first beat high,
Appear'd so humble, blameless, sweet,
They could not die.

It is to feel foreboding fears ;—
Then fancy them unfounded too,—
And last, with pangs too deep for tears,
To own them true !

It is to cherish in the heart
Feelings the warmest, kindest, best ;—
To wish their essence to impart
To *every* breast ;—

And then, awaking from such dream,
With anguish not to be controll'd,
To find that hearts which warmest seem
Are icy cold !

'Tis like the pelican, to feed
Others from his warm breast ; but own,
Unlike that bird—the Bard may bleed,
Unthank'd, unknown.

It is to pamper vicious taste,
By spurning Virtue's strict control ;
Then be with Fame and Riches graced,
And lose his soul !

Or while his humble verse defends
Her cause, her loveliness portrays ;
To win from her apparent friends
Cold, cautious praise.

It is a thorny path to tread,
By care, by sorrow overcast ;
With but one thought its balm to shed,—
“ *This cannot last !*”

For soon that thorny path is trod ;
From Man he has no more to crave ;—
Grant him thy mercy, gracious God !
Thou, Earth !—a Grave !

ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

IF thus disheart'ning may appear,
In darker hours, the Poet's doom ;
Yet brighter glimpses sometimes cheer
His prospects' gloom.

The visions, feelings, thoughts—which nurse
Those moods that wrap his soul in night,
And of “this goodly universe”
Eclipse the light ;—

In happier, more auspicious hours
These, as with energy divine,
Seem gifted with immortal powers,
And, cloudless, shine !

Though “few, and far between”—the gleams
Of their celestial light may break,—
As angel-forms that bless our dreams
Fade when we wake ;—

Not dream-like are the hopes that wait
On paths by loftiest Poets trod,
But glorious, heavenly, pure, and great,
And given of God !

Cast not those deathless hopes away,
Thou who hast known and felt their worth,
Nor let despondency gainsay
Their noble birth.

The purer elements that form
A Poet—worthy of the name,
In brightest sunshine—darkest storm,
Are still the same.

Firm faith, meek patience, genuine love,
Unworldly feelings, views sublime,
Aspiring hopes, which soar above
The things of Time ;—

Such—of the Poet's inmost heart
The cherish'd inmates should be known,
And to his mental powers impart
Their master tone.

Grief, care, and poverty may haunt
His pathway, strewing many a thorn ;—
Fashion's neglect, cold folly's taunt,
The worldling's scorn,—

May be his portion ;—slow disease
May undermine his outward frame ;
And Calumny, more dread than these,
May blight his fame :—

But let him still, with fortitude,
See that his footsteps *onward* tend ;
And strive, with faith and hope endued,
To wait THE END !

The threat'ning clouds which darkly lower,
As if to veil his soul in night,
May prove how impotent their power
To quench its light.

At times that light's reviving ray
Shall lend him, even here below,
Glory for gloom, turn night to day,
Give joy for woe.

And in a brighter world than this
What here inspir'd his holiest lays,
May tune his harp to songs of bliss,
And endless praise.

Bard ! Prophet ! Priest ! * go on in hope ;
Gird up thy loins, thy sorrows bear ;
Meekly with present trials eope ;
Watch unto prayer !

* " Each torch was kindled at a common flame,
And Prophet, Priest, and Poet were the same."

“ It is a thorny path” to trace ;
Yet other feet its thorns have trod ;
Then bear thee up, and humbly place
Thy trust in God !

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

THE Warrior is proud when the battle is won ;
 The Eagle is proud when he soars tow'rd the sun ;
 The Beauty is proud of the conquests she gains ;
 And the humblest of Poets is proud of his strains :—
 Then forgive me if something like pride should be
 mine,
 Thus to claim the first leaf in an Album of thine.

The Miser is glad when he adds to his hoard ;
 The Epicure—plac'd at the sumptuous board ;
 The Courtier, when smil'd on ;—but happier the lot
 Of the Friend who, though absent, is still unforget :
 Then believe me that something like gladness is mine,
 Thus to claim the first leaf in an Album of thine.

But my pride and my pleasure are chasten'd by fears,
 As I look down the vista of far distant years,
 And reflect that the progress of time must, ere long,
 Bring oblivion to friendship, and silence to song ;
 Thus thinking, what mingled emotions are mine,
 As I fill the first leaf in this Album of thine.

Yet idle and thankless it were to allow
 Such reflections to sadden the heart, or the brow ;
 We know that Earth's pleasures are mix'd with alloy,
 But if Virtue approve them 'tis wise to enjoy ;
 And this brief enjoyment, at least, shall be mine,
 To inscribe my name first in this Album of thine !

TO SWITZERLAND.

LAND of cloud-capt, piny mountains,
Where eternal snow-wreaths shine ;
Land of glaciers, lakes, and fountains,
Be a Poet's blessing thine.

Not for these romantic features,
Be that benison bestow'd ;
Servile slaves, or savage creatures
There might fix their fowl abode.

Thine a nobler race inherit,
Nobler inmates there reside ;
'Tis their yet unconquer'd spirit
Constitutes thy purest pride.

Thine is Freedom's glorious charter,
Wak'ning thoughts and deeds sublime ;
Thine are boons too rich to barter,
Manners of the olden time !

Long be such thy proud possession,
Virtue's pledge, and Honour's spell ;
Still hold fast thy high profession,
Worthy of the Land of TELL.

So may all who fondly claim thee
For their birth-place, while they roam,
With a CHILD'S affection name thee,
As their hearts' most cherish'd HOME !

FLOWERS :

AN INTRODUCTORY POEM, FOR THE ELEVENTH VOLUME
OF TIME'S TELESCOPE.

HE who delights to trace, with serious thought,
In all he sees the noiseless steps of TIME,
Shall find the outward forms of Nature fraught
With ample food for many a lofty rhyme ;
Or should he fear such dazzling heights to climb,
And love to tread a less aspiring way,—
Leaving untouch'd the awful and sublime,
And seeking humbler objects to portray,
May find in such the theme of many a pleasing lay.

What though the glorious Sun, enthron'd on high,
 May more conspicuously this lesson teach ;
 Or Moon and Stars, which gem the midnight sky,
 A yet more touching homily may preach,
 As day to day still utters ceaseless speech,
 And night to night yet added knowledge shows,—
 Far lowlier objects to the heart may reach,
 And Wisdom purest precepts may disclose,
 Cull'd from the *Lily's* bloom, or gather'd from the
Rose!

Yes,—you, delightful handy-works of HIM
 Who arch'd the Heavens, and spann'd this solid
 Earth,
 Before whose glory day's proud light is dim,
 And Art's achievements, if not food for mirth,
 Display at best its barrenness and dearth,—
 You, too, instruct us, and with “ line on line,
 Precept on precept,” show us by your birth,
 Your bud, your blossoming, and your decline,
 Time's never-ceasing flight, and tell us truths divine.

You, as the changing Seasons roll along,
Still wait on each, and added beauties lend :—
Around the smiling Spring a lovely throng
With eager rivalry her steps attend ;
Others with Summer's brighter glories blend ;
Some grace mild Autumn's more majestic mien ;
While some few lingering blooms the brow befriend
Of hoary Winter, and with grace serene
Inwreath the King of storms with Mercy's gentler
sheen.

Nor do ye, while ye thus declare the flight
Of Times and Seasons, want yet deeper lore ;
In you, with eager and unsated sight,
The gentle Moralist may such explore :—
Even Religion's voice has heretofore
Pointed a moral, and adorn'd a tale
By illustration from your ample store ;
Nor could such touching illustration fail
When thus The Saviour preach'd, his text the lilies
pale.

“ Consider ye the lilies of the field,
Which neither toil nor spin,—not regal pride,
In all its plenitude of pomp reveal’d,”
Could hope to charm, their beauties plac’d beside :
If heavenly goodness thus for them provide,
Which bloom to-day, and wither on the morrow,
Shall not your wants be from your God supplied,
Without your vain anxiety and sorrow?—
Oh ye of little faith ! from these a lesson borrow !

If such the soothing precepts taught from you,
Beautiful blossoms ! well may ye appear
As silent preachers in the Christian’s view ;
And while ye decorate the changeful year,
Imbued with power the mourner’s heart to cheer,—
Not gratifying merely outward sense
By tints and odours,—but dispelling fear,
Awak’ning hope, by your intelligence,
And strength’ning humble faith in God’s omnipotence !

Come forth, then, lovely heralds of the Spring!

Leave at your Maker's call your earthy bed;

At his behest your grateful tribute bring

To light and life, from darkness and the dead!

Thou, timid *Snow-drop*, lift thy lowly head;

Crocus and *Primrose*, show your varied dye;

Violets, your ceaseless odours round you shed,

Yourselves the while retiring from the eye,

Yet loading with your sweets each breeze that

passes by.

And you,—in gay variety that grace,

In later months, with beauty the parterre,

“ Making a sunshine in the shady place,”

As *Una* and her milk-white lamb were there;

Arise! arise! and in your turns declare

The power of Him who has not only made

The depths of Ocean, and the heights of Air,

And Earth's magnificence, but has display'd

In you that power and skill with beauty's charms

array'd.

Uplift, proud *Sun-flower*, to thy favourite orb
That disk whereon his brightness loves to dwell ;
And, as thou seem'st his radiance to absorb,
Proclaim thyself the garden's sentinel :—
And thou too, gentle, modest *Heather-bell*,
Gladden thy lonely birth-place : *Jasmines*, spread
Your star-like blossoms, fragrant to the smell ;
You *Evening Primroses*, when day has fled,
Open your pallid flowers, by dews and moonlight fed.

And where my favourite Abbey rears on high
Its crumbling ruins, on their loftiest crest,
Ye *Wall-flowers*, shed your tints of golden dye,
On which the morning sunbeams love to rest,—
On which, when glory fills the glowing west,
The parting splendours of the day's decline,
With fascination to the heart address'd,
So tenderly and beautifully shine,
As if reluctant still to leave that hoary shrine.

Convolvulus, expand thy cup-like flower,

Graceful in form, and beautiful in hue ;

Clematis, wreath afresh thy garden bower ;

Ye loftier *Lilies*, bath'd in morning's dew,

Of purity and innocence renew

Each lovely thought ; and ye whose lowlier pride

In sweet seclusion seems to shrink from view,

You of *The Valley* nam'd, no longer hide

Your blossoms meet to twine the brow of chastest
bride.

And Thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing

To hearts that own our Nature's common lot ;

Thou, styl'd by sportive Fancy's better feeling,

“ *A Thought*,” “ *The Heart's Ease*,” or “ *Forget
me not*,”

Who deck'st alike the peasant's garden-plot,

And castle's proud parterre ; with humble joy

Revive afresh by castle and by cot,

Hopes which ought not like things of time to cloy,

And feelings time itself shall deepen—not destroy.

Fruitless and endless were the task, I ween,
With every Flower to grace my votive lay ;
And unto Thee, their long-acknowledg'd QUEEN,
Fairest and loveliest ! and thy gentle sway,
Beautiful *Rose*, my homage I must pay,—
For how can minstrel leave thy charms unsung,
Whose meek supremacy has been alway
Confess'd in many a clime, and many a tongue,
And in whose praise the harp of many a bard has
rung ?

Mine is unworthy such a lovely theme ;
Yet could I borrow of that tuneful bird,
Who sings thy praises by the moon's pale beam,
(As Fancy's graceful legends have averr'd)
Those thrilling harmonies at midnight heard,
With sounds of flowing waters,—not in vain
Should the loose strings of my rude harp be stirr'd
By inspiration's breath, but one brief strain
Should re-assert thy rites, and celebrate thy reign.

Vain were the hope to rival bards, whose lyres,
 On such a theme, have left me nought to sing ;
 And one more plant my humbler Muse inspires,
 Round which my parting thoughts would fondly
 cling ;

Which, consecrate to Salem's peaceful King,
 Though fair as any gracing beauty's bower,
 Is link'd to Sorrow like an holy thing,
 And takes its name from suff'ring's fiercest hour :—
 Be this thy noblest fame, imperial *Passion-flower* !

Whatever impulse first conferr'd that name,
 Or Fancy's dream, or Superstition's art,
 I freely own its spirit-touching claim,
 With thoughts and feelings it may well impart :—
 Not that I would forego the surer chart
 Of REVELATION for a mere conceit ;
 Yet with indulgence may *The Christian's* heart
 Each frail memorial of HIS MASTER greet,
 And chiefly what recalls his love's most glorious feat.

Be this the closing tribute of my strain!

Be this, fair flowers! of charms—your last and
best!

That when THE SON OF GOD for Man was slain,

Circled by you, He sank awhile to rest,—

Not the Grave's captive, but a Garden's guest,

So pure and lovely was his transient tomb!

And He, whose brow the *wreath of thorns* had prest,

Not only bore for us Death's cruel doom,

But won *the thornless crown* of amaranthine bloom.

TO JAMES MONTGOMERY.

DEAR fellow-candidate for Fame !
In fame's most noble sense ;
Minstrel ! well worthy of the name,
May I, without offence,
Thus make my obligations known ;
Thus give, what justly is thine own,
The meed of grateful praise
For many a calm and soothing hour,
Beguil'd and gladden'd by the power
Of thy exalted lays ?

Thou need'st not fear from me to meet

The Flatt'rer's artful strain,

Whose praise, a specious counterfeit,

But seeks for praise again :

To thee, as to myself, the worth

Of all approval—is its birth

In thoughts and feelings pure :

Devoid of these, tis “ *given, and gone ;*”

With them—its echo lingers on,

Enabling to *endure ;—*

Endure the varied change and chance

That flesh is heir to here,

Each strange and wayward circumstance

Which marks Man's brief career :

Beneath life's darkly-frowning skies,

I know how little this supplies

To mitigate their wrath ;

Yet are there moments, when its light

May fling a gleam of sunshine bright

Upon a thorny path.

Bless'd be that beam! Like pilgrim bands
We journey on through time;
And he whose inmost heart expands
With hopes and views sublime,
Will ever gratefully rejoice
To hear a brother pilgrim's voice,
Whose cheering accents say—
“Thy cares, thy sorrows I partake;
With thee I watch, with thee I wake;
Heaven speed us on our way!”

They err who deem the minstrel craft
To envy is allied;—
None surely feel it who have quaff'd
Of SHILOH's hallow'd tide:
He who has used the gift of song,
As knowing unto whom belong
All gifts on man bestow'd,
With grateful heart will ever hear
The Verse which *Faith* and *Hope* would cheer
To tread Life's rugged road.

Has it a loftier, sweeter tone

Than lays of his possess?

THE CHRISTIAN—“*seeking not his own,*”

Its harmony can bless :

No selfish views of fame on earth

Have given his humbler numbers birth ;

With joy, devoid of shame,

He listens to another's lyre,

Whose heavenly sounds, in Virtue's choir,

Assert a prouder claim.

Thus have I listen'd unto thine,

Dear Friend!—enough for me,

If, in my artless, lowly line,

I may resemble thee :—

Not as an echo, which repeats,

Unconsciously, each sound that greets

Its own mechanic ear,—

But in that kindred soul, and sense,

Whose meek and holy influence

The wise and good revere.

Farewell, then, brother Bard! farewell!

The time shall shortly come,
When thy sweet lyre no tale shall tell,
My ruder one be dumb.

O! may we each, while here we wake
Their music, touch them for His sake
Who claims their various strings;
That, when we shall with time have done,
Both, through THE SPIRIT of HIS SON,
Whose death immortal Life hath won,
May praise THE KING OF KINGS!

A THOUGHT.

BRIEF, as the beauty of the west,
With sunset's glories glowing,
Is FANCY's brilliant ray confest,
When, o'er "the sunshine of the breast,"
Gather the clouds of dark unrest,
Each moment darker growing.

But steady as the pole-star's light,
The watchful pilot cheering,
TRUTH's heavenly lamp, whose radiance bright,
In Sorrow's dark and stormy night,
Can give the weakest pilgrim might
To journey on unfearing!

TO NATHAN DRAKE, M. D.

ON READING THE OPENING PAPER IN HIS "WINTER
NIGHTS."

WITH witching eloquence and truth,
Hast thou describ'd the dear delights,
Accessible to Age and Youth,
In frowning Winter's stormiest nights.

Such pictures,—whether they describe,
In truth's own simple eloquence,
The frolics of a youthful tribe,
Happy in early innocence ;—

In whose bright eyes the vivid gleam
Of Home's lov'd fire-side gaily glances,
While the more mild and chasten'd beam
From older ones their mirth enhances ;—

Or whether they portray the calm
Which erst o'er * Cowper's spirit stole,
When Evening, breathing quiet balm,
Shed her own stillness o'er his soul ;—

Such pictures do not merely pass
Before the eye, and fade in air ;
Like summer-showers on new-mown grass,
They call back living freshness there.

Aye! e'en to lonely hearts, which feel
That these things were, and now are not,
Not poignant is their mild appeal,
But fraught with bliss yet unforgot.

For joys like these, so calm and pure,
Leave blessings with the heart they bless'd ;
And still, by Memory's art, endure,
To soothe the lonely Mourner's breast.

We live not in the present hour :
Man's hopes and memories sublime
Make him, by their immortal power,
Link'd to eternity through time.

* See Cowper's beautiful apostrophe to Evening, in the fourth Book of The Task.

For thee, my Friend ! if cordial prayer
Of mine might hope to call down bliss ;
Could I wish thee, or thine, to share
A more delightful boon than this?—

Than that thy mother's green old age
May be her children's portion too ;
And that each charm that decks thy page,
Thy lov'd fire-side may oft renew ?

ON THE ALIENATION OF FRIENDS

IN THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

“ When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of Autumne, just such, thinke I, is the friendship of the world. Whiles the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarme in abundance; but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is an happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.”

Warwick's Spare Minutes.

THE flower that blooms beneath the ray
 Of Summer's cloudless sky,
 May see its blossoms torn away,
 And yet not wholly die :
 The summer sun-beams still are warm ;
 It dreads not winter's distant storm ;
 And Heaven is bright on high :
 It spreads its leaves each breeze to greet ;—
 Beauty is gone, but Life is sweet.

It may not bloom again,—but still
 Its leaf is green and bright ;
Of Evening's dew it drinks its fill,
 And smiles in Morning's light :
The bee may find no honey there ;
But round its foliage, fresh and fair,
 And lovely to the sight,
The butterfly, on beauteous wing
Will hover,—there for shelter cling.

Not so the flower, which Autumn's smile,
 Instead of Summer's blaze,
Seduces, by its specious wile,
 To bloom in later days :
Scarce hath its opening blossom spread,
When all that charm'd it forth, has fled ;
 It droops—and then decays !
Blasted in birth, its blight complete,
And Winter's snow its winding-sheet.

How could it hope, the beam, which nurs'd
Its bud, would bless its bloom?
The languid rays which warm'd the first,
But mock the latter's doom:
Instead of genial shower and breeze,
Come rains that chill, and winds that freeze;
Instead of glory—gloom.
How could it then but loathe to live,
When Life had nothing left to give?

Thus fares it with the human mind,
Which Heaven has seem'd to bless
With each capacity to find
In Friendship—Happiness:—
Its earliest and its brightest years
Predict no pangs, forebode no fears;
No doubts awake distress:
Within it finds a cloudless sun,
Without a friend in every one.

How soon, ere youth itself be flown,
It learns that friends are few ;
Yet fancies, fondly still, its own
Unchangeable, and true !
The spell is broken ; and the breast
On which its hopes had lov'd to rest,
Is prov'd but human too ;
And Disappointment's chilling blight
Strikes its first blossom of delight.

But if that blow be struck when Life
Is young, and hopes are high,
Passion will yet maintain the strife,
Though Pain extort the sigh :
The heart, though wounded, still can beat
With something of its earlier heat,
And feels too young to die :
It may not glow with rapture's thrill,
But better feelings haunt it still.

Not so, if in Life's after hours,
The Autumn of our day,
While yet we feel our mental powers
Unconscious of decay:—
If *then* we fancy that we share
In friendship, we but ill can bear
To see it torn away:—
It brings a pang, a soul-felt grief,
That withers *more* than *flower* or *leaf*!

Yet are there spirits which have borne
With many a hidden woe,
Whom blighted love hath left forlorn,
And chill'd hope's vivid glow;
Sustain'd through all:—believing this—
They still might share the soothing bliss
Which Friendship can bestow;
Which, though the sun of joy had set,
Hoped that its moon might light them yet.

Such, when that moon's new-risen light
 Around them seems to shine,
Forget that Nature's final night
 Is near at day's decline :—
These, when that orb is clouded o'er,
Suffer intensely ;—ten times more
 Than boyhood can divine !
And sunless, moonless, starless gloom
Welcomes the wanderer to the tomb.

1818.

A POSTSCRIPT.

Though sunless, moonless, starless seem
 Such sufferer's lonely state,
There is a light, whose cheering beam
 Its gloom can dissipate :
It comes with healing on its wings,
And heavenly radiance round it flings.

It rises on the darken'd mind,
In lustre brighter far
Than that to outward orb assign'd
Of sun, or moon, or star ;
And matchless is its mild control
Over the desolate in soul.

There is A FRIEND more tender, true,
Than Brother e'er can be ;
Who, when all others bid adieu,
Remains—the last to flee ;
Who, be their pathway bright or dim,
Deserts not those that turn to HIM.

The heart, by Him sustain'd, though deep
Its anguish, still can bear ;
The soul He condescends to keep,
Shall never know despair :
In nature's weakness, sorrow's night,
God is its strength, its joy, and light.

He is the Friend, who changeth not
 In sickness or in health,
 Whether on earth our transient lot
 Be poverty or wealth :
 In joy or grief, contempt or fame,
 To all who seek Him still the same.

Of human hearts He holds the key.
 Is Friendship meet for ours ?
 O! be assur'd that none but He
 Unlocks its purest powers :
 He can recal the lost, the dead,
 Or give us nobler in their stead.

Of *earthly friends*—who finds them true,
 May boast a happy lot ;
 But happier still, life's journey through,
 Is he who *needs them not* :
 A *Heavenly Friend*—to *know we need* ;
 TO FEEL WE HAVE,—is bliss indeed.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

No need there is, in hymning thee,
 Passionate epithets to borrow ;
 Thy requiem should rather be
 A tender strain of gentle sorrow.

None of the hopeless gloom of woe
 Should haunt the Poet's heart who sings thee ;
 There lovelier images should glow—
 Thoughts, such as now thine image brings me.

'Tis true that DEATH, e'en death like thine,
 Is more than slumber's " brief forgetting ;"
 E'en Summer's suns, howe'er they shine,
 May not be cloudless at their setting :—

But if that setting hour be mild,
Those clouds the more enhance its splendour ;
And round thy own, meek Nature's child !
Are some such graces, pure and tender.

Young, guileless, gentle, and belov'd
By the small circle who best knew thee ;
Fond recollections, unprov'd,
When thou art nam'd, still cling unto thee.

No tears may start—for Hope supplies,
For thee, thoughts unallied to anguish ;
But pensive looks, and softest sighs,
Tell how we lov'd, and for thee languish.

For me, I own, though months had past,
Ere thy departure, since I met thee,
Such charms are round thy memory cast,
I cannot, gentle friend ! forget thee.

Some pleasant hours I spent with thee,
Were dear from various mingled causes ;
Moments, from worldly turmoil free,
For thought and fancy breathing pauses.

And they were spent, not in the din
Of crowded streets ; their still lapse found us
Where nature's charms were sure to win,
With fields, and flowers, and sunshine round us.

Hence, when I think of thee, I seem
To muse on one not disunited
From life and joy ;—a cherish'd theme,
On which fond thoughts may dwell delighted.

I look on thee as one, who, born
In scenes where peace and virtue blossom,
Living, didst those retreats adorn,
And now sleep'st calmly in their bosom !

1821.

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY*.

WHEN first this wreath of verse was twin'd,
Its blossoms only were design'd,
Like wild-flowers, which unsought we find,
 To please the friendly few
Whose smile to me was more than fame;—
Yet, as they sought that humble aim
Beneath the sanction of thy Name,
That sanction let me once more claim,
 To bid them charm anew.

* A very small impression of the following Poem was printed, for little more than private circulation, and inscribed to Robert Southey.

A DAY IN AUTUMN.

“ IT was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling!”—and may Memory, now,
Its own inspiring influence so impart
Unto my fancy, as to teach me how
To give it fitting utterance. Aid me, thou
Most lovely season of the circling year!
Before my leaf of life, upon its bough,
In the chill blasts of age shall rustle sere,
To frame a votive song to hours so justly dear.

Autumn ! soul-soothing season ! thou who spreadest
Thy lavish feast for every living thing ;
Around whose leaf-strew'd path, as on thou treadest,
The year its dying odours loves to fling,
Their last faint fragrance sweetly scattering ;
O ! let thy influence, meek, majestic, holy,
So consciously around my spirit cling,
That its delight may be remote from folly,
In sober thought combin'd with gentle melancholy.

If, in the morning of my life, to Spring
I paid my homage with a heart elate ;
And with each fluttering insect on the wing,
Or small bird, singing to his happy mate,
And Flora's festival, then held in state ;—
If joyous sympathy with such was mine ;—
O ! still allow me now to dedicate
To Thee a tenderer strain : that tone assign
Unto my murmuring lyre, which Nature gives to
thine ;—

A tone of thrilling softness, now, as caught
From light winds sweeping o'er a late-reap'd field ;
And, now and then, be with those breezes brought
A murmur musical, of winds conceal'd
In coy recesses, by escape reveal'd :—
And ever and anon, still deeper tone
Of winter's gathering dirge, at distance peal'd
By harps and hands unseen, and only known
To some enthusiast's ear when worshipping alone.

No more of invocation ! Bright the day
Arose ; as if the glorious sun was bent,
(Like some proud monarch whose declining sway
Is still majestic and magnificent)
On once more filling his own firmament
With undiminish'd splendour : if, at first,
His beams, 'mid clouds where richest hues were blent,
Shone struggling, soon his rays those clouds
dispers'd,
And from heaven's eastern gate in royal pride he
burst

Upon a grateful world! It seem'd a day,
Might send into the heart a summer thrill;
For, as its visible ruler held his way,
His Maker's radiant mission to fulfil,
Vanish'd the mists of morn, and lovelier still
Of garden, lawn, and trees the smiling mien:
The atmosphere itself, now scarcely chill,
Was such as suited well that glorious scene
Of blue sky, auburn woods, and waves that flow'd
between.

And now upon the encircled board was set
The matin meal; and round the steaming urn
Youth, manhood, infancy, with pleasure met,
While social greetings all exchange'd in turn:
And well might stranger from those greetings learn
That visitants were there, from distant home,
Who now no longer might as guests sojourn
Beneath that happy, hospitable dome;—
Prepar'd this beauteous day still further on to roam.

But though sensations of regret might be
Attendant on this knowledge, yet they threw
No gloom upon the calm festivity,
The friendly circle, thus collected, knew.
No! the last hour, spent ere we bid adieu
To those united by pure Friendship's tie,
Possesses witchery more tender,—true,
In its brief sweetness as it hurries by,
Than hours of mirthful mood before it can supply.

It is not when we *meet*,—with gratulation,
And eager question, glance encountering glance,
Tongues turn'd to welcome, and anticipation
Chang'd to reality of circumstance ;—
It is not *then* (although the spirits dance,
As if inspir'd by some resistless spell)
We know those purer pleasures, that enhance,
Beyond the power of even verse to tell,
The feelings which precede that simple word, “ Fare-
well !”

For in them are call'd forth the truest, best,
And tenderest feelings of our nature ; those
Which give to joy its most delightful zest,
And brighten tears which transient sorrow knows.
I speak not now of agonies and woes
By guilt inflicted ; nor of that deep pain
Affection feels at Nature's solemn close,
*When tears seem life-drops from a staunchless
vein ;—*

I speak of Friends who part, on earth to meet again.

And in such parting hours may be reveal'd
More exquisite delight, than in the flush
Of eager joy that our first meetings yield ;
Aye ! far beyond it—as the tranquil hush
Of eve delights more than the joyous blush
Of morning's beauty ; or the dying fall
Of music's melting close outvies the gush
Of its first prelude, as it seems to call
On Echo to prolong its soul-subduing thrall.

But wherefore dwell on parting's mild delights?

Our circle is not doom'd to sever yet:—

I left it sharing in the festive rites

Of morning meal; unconscious of regret,

And only happy once more to have met.

That meal is past;—the Christian Volume now
Is open'd, and we hear how CHRIST was set

A mark for impious scoffers, wond'ring how
To gentleness like *his* knees could in mockery bow.

It was a solemn chapter, and was grac'd

By one good action left upon record;—

That Woman's pious deed, whose seeming waste

By those around was thoughtlessly deplor'd;—

She who upon her Saviour's head outpour'd

The box of ointment;—doing all she could

Against the burial of her gracious Lord,

And winning that pure fame which virtue should,

From Him whose lips pronounc'd the work she
wrought was GOOD!

O! how that action, 'mid the chronicle
Of darkest crimes, with which the chapter teems,
Shines forth, with lustre inexpressible,
Unearthly brightness shedding from its beams!
All uneclips'd its gentle glory seems
By the dense clouds that wrap our lower sphere;
We turn to it, from those more painful themes—
ISCARIOT'S treachery, and PETER'S fear,
The Priest's hypocrisy, the soldiers' cruel sneer;—

From such we turn to it—as to a thing
Gentle, compassionate, pure, holy, good!
And the heart's better feelings, as they cling
Unto its memory, in thought's pensive mood,
Make virtue's genuine essence understood:
Set free from speculative creeds, which draw
The mind's attention from its heavenly food,
We feel this truth impress'd, with holy awe:—
That LOVE is in itself fulfilment of God's law!

Tell me, thou strenuous advocate of creeds,
Dogmas, and systems ; overlooking still
Those milder charities, and Christian deeds,
Without which faith is dead :—with all thy skill
Know'st thou not this—the LETTER can but kill,
The SPIRIT giveth life? O ! far above
The proudest theorists, does he fulfil
The precepts of our faith, whose actions prove
That he has learnt aright this truth—that GOD is
Love !

Return we to our theme. The Book is clos'd ;
A pause of silence—eloquent appeal
To hearts awake, affections well-dispos'd,
Upon that record stamps its solemn seal.
And they who erst enjoy'd that social meal,
Prepare them to obey each various call
Duty or inclination shall reveal :—
The younger urchins, eager, joyous all,
Begin their morning sports, delights that seldom pall.

He who now traces by his taper's light,
Risen long ere dawn of day, this simple page ;
Upon that well-remember'd morning might
To wealth or rank have proudly thrown his gage,
And challeng'd any on life's pilgrimage
To show more joyous company than he ;—
A hypochondriac's mood it might assuage
To have look'd round upon that scene of glee—
Of smiles devoid of care, and brows from sorrow free.

The bright sun threw his glory all around ;
And then the balmy, mild, autumnal breeze
Swept, with a musical and fitful sound,
Among the fading foliage of the trees ;
And, now and then, a playful gust would seize
Some falling leaf, and, like a living thing,
Which flits about wherever it may please,
It floated round in many an airy ring,
Till on the dewy grass it lost its transient wing.

We wander'd on, for I was not alone ;

Though such a scene, and such a morning, might
Have suited well the contemplative tone

Of some secluded, saintly anchorite,
Whose dreams had peopled it with phantoms bright :

To me how needless ! for around me were
Beings more real ; who, in my delight,

Though less romantic, were well pleas'd to share,
When we stood still to gaze, or held high converse
there.

“ High converse,”—gentle reader ! dost thou ask,
With scornful doubt, what mighty themes were ours ?

Thy scorn I heed not ; 'tis a grateful task,
Spite of the frown which on thy forehead lowers,

For me to tax my memory's willing powers,
And tell of themes—that freshly summon nigh

Past pleasures :—we convers'd of donjons, towers,

Hid in * St. John's vale from Sir Roland's eye,
Or melting, soon as seen, into the vapoury sky.

* Vide Scott's *Bridal of Triemair*.

We talk'd of Byron's vagrant, lawless "Childe ;"
Of Moore's enchanting lovely Nourmahal ;
Or of that other tale so sweetly wild,
Of what the gentle Peri did befall,
Who told, so tenderly, that over all
The flowers of Eden which on earth can bloom,
A heavenly eye can pensively recal
That "Serpent's trail," who sipp'd their first per-
fume,
And left their tainted charms to wreath his victims'
tomb.

We talk'd of Wordsworth, whose unequal'd skill
In loftier moods no critic dares deride ;
And I avow'd my admiration still
Of his more lowly songs ; though at my side
Were pouting lips prepar'd my taste to chide ;
And laughing eyes, which spake of "Peter Bell:"—
If mine were vocal, every glance replied
"Rail at my taste ; I like the story well,
And should be passing proud just such an one to tell."

“ Is this then converse high ? ” some reader cries,
Whose heart, perchance, its charm hath never
known.

Ungentle critic, why my taste despise ?

Be, if thou canst, contented with thine own,
And leave me to enjoy the visions shown

By Poesy to those who feel her sway ;
For in those visions, o'er the soul are thrown

Glimpses of light surpassing that of day,
And prouder heights of thought than sense can e'er
survey :—

Far prouder heights ! but O ! let man beware,

Nor walk their summits without humble dread ;
For scatter'd round is many a hidden snare,

By man's unwearied adversary spread ;
And “ fools rush in where angels fear to tread ; ”—

That he who climbs Parnassus' lofty hill,
Should ponder well his steps, nor there be led

By spurious taste, or fond ambition's thrill ;
But, having gain'd its top, look up to CALVARY still !

The wreath which honours most a Poet's brow
 Offends not pure Religion:—witness thine,
Delightful Cowper! greater e'en than thou
 The sightless Milton, who before a shrine
More glorious far than of the fabled Nine,
 Pour'd forth his soul. Nor want our later days
Some worthy votaries of an art divine—
 Divinest when it hymns The Giver's praise,
And bids a Saviour's love inspire its sweetest lays.

Not that a Christian Poet is denied
 The graceful use of transitory themes;—
Though palms unfading grow on Shiloh's side,
 Beneath whose shade flow everlasting streams
To satisfy the soul:—it wiser seems
 In those who would their truest worth enjoy,
To show them more respect than pleasant dreams,
 Which fancy's idle moments may employ,
Lest too familiar use their reverence should destroy.

Yet he who scans aright the proudest end
For which the Poet's talent is bestow'd,
Will ever bid his loftiest strains ascend
In Virtue's praise ; and seek to strew the road
That leads to her immortal, blest abode,
With amaranthine flowers :—ev'n when he plays
With lighter theme, in seeming mirthful mode,
Or nature's loveliness in song portrays,
His end and aim through all should be The Giver's
praise.

And inexhaustible the beauties are
Of this fair universe.—The boundless main ;
Heaven's out-stretch'd cope, begemm'd with many
a star ;
And earth's rich loveliness ; the ample plain,
And stream which marks it like a silver vein ;
Mountain and forest, lake and water-fall :
Can minstrel e'er want subject for his strain,
While these on feeling, thought, and fancy call ?
Or how, while singing them, forget who form'd them
all ?

O Poesy ! thou dear delightful art !

The most ennobling, and the most sublime !

Who, acting rightly thy illustrious part,

Art Virtue's handmaid, censor stern of crime,

Nature's high priest, and chronicler of time ;

The nurse of feeling ; the interpreter

Of purest passion ;—who, in manhood's prime,

In age, or infancy, alike canst stir

The heart's most secret thoughts :—Thee still I must
prefer

To worldly honours. Unto thee I owe

Nor wealth, nor fame ; yet hast thou given to me
Some secret joys the world can ill bestow—

Delights, which ope not to its golden key,
And bend not to its sordid pride the knee :

For thou hast nourish'd, in those lonely hours,
That have been spent in intercourse with thee,

Kind feelings, chasten'd passions, mental powers,
And hopes which look through time. These are not
worldly dowers.

For such I thank thee ! Thou hast granted all
I could expect in life ; yet, when I must
Throw off this mortal nature's fleshly thrall,
And yield my outward elements to dust ;
When I go down to darkness ;—take in trust
Some scatter'd fragments of my transient name.
I ask no storied urn, no marble bust :
These move me not ; yet could I wish to claim
From some few left behind a dearer meed than fame:—

I mean that tender feeling, which out-lives,
In the survivor's heart, the silent grave,
And such as slumber in it ; that which gives
To those it mourns for all their hearts would crave.
I ask no laurels o'er my turf to wave ;
But, when the sun of my brief day be set,
I would not so all softer ties out-brave,
As not to wish, when those I love be met,
For me that cheeks be wan, and eyes with sorrow wet.

And should some portion of my song survive
The death of him who frames it ; may it be
Such only as may keep his name alive
In hearts of spotless truth and purity,
Of virtuous feeling, gentle sympathy,
And elevated thoughts ; such have I known.
May these but cherish pensive thoughts of me
In some few silent hours, when left alone,
And “ fame’s obstreperous trump” I willingly disown.

Of minstrel aspirations now no more :
· Yet, ere, sweet Poesy ! from thee I turn ;
While the fond love of thy delightful lore
Bids in my breast thy blameless ardours burn
With gentle fires, such as illumine the urn
Of Hesper, shining in eve’s cloudless sky—
Fain would I sing, how, unto those who learn
To love thee truly, thou canst bliss supply,
Though such have never dared their skill in song to
try.

“ Fain would I sing—much yet unsung remains,”
How thy pure influence is not all confin’d
To such as, hymning thy enchanting strains,
Have round their harps undying wreaths entwin’d,
Scattering their sweets unto the vagrant wind,
Music and odour wafting far abroad ;
Until, surcharg’d with raptures so combin’d,
Soul, sense, and passion, spell-bound, overaw’d,
We venture not to praise, but silently applaud.

But there be many, though they ne’er have striven
To tune their harps, nor had a harp to tune—
Whose warm affections genuine proof have given
Of love to thee, by reverencing each boon
Thy impulses confer. These, when the moon
Unveils her cloudless glory to the sea,
Or, on a still and lovely night in June,
Shoots her soft radiance through some leafy tree—
These at such moments turn instinctively to thee ;

Conscious, while soft emotions round them throng,
Of more than language ever can convey :
Their thoughts are poetry ! their feelings—song !
As if they dwelt not in these forms of clay,
But walk'd with spirits. Or if such should stray,
Like me, in those departed hours I sing,
When nature's charms were yielding to decay,
With chosen friends among them loitering—
To such an Autumn day no transient joy may bring.

I must not linger, though well pleas'd I might,
(And Memory would enjoy the dear delay)
Upon each hour that wing'd its noiseless flight
Over my head on that delightful day.
Yet would I not, in this my faint essay
To trace its tranquil pleasures, wrong it so,
As not endeavour briefly to portray
Our morning's ride ; though lacking power to show
Those lovely scenes attir'd in Autumn's richest glow.

For they indeed were beautiful! we drove
Through bowring lanes; their lofty trees between,
Whose leaves were ting'd with colours far above
Spring's gayest flowers, or turf of freshest green:
Their blending shades of every tint were seen;
Pale amber, half transparent in the ray
Of the bright sun; while others, in his sheen
Assum'd more gorgeous beauty; others, gray,
Wither'd, and lifeless now, bestrew'd our narrow way.

Nor was the distant scenery aught surpass'd
By nearer objects: there, expanding wide,
And by unclouded sunshine brightly glass'd,
Flow'd, ORWELL! thy serenely rippling tide.
Hemm'd in by hilly slopes on every side,
Whose tufted woods upon its margin break,
It more resembled, as by us descried,
Some quietly reposing inland lake,
Than ocean's briny branch, which ebb and flow o'er-
take:

And on its bosom, mark'd by vivid gleam
Of sunny glory, peacefully did sleep
A single vessel, whose white sail might seem
The lonely monarch of its little deep :
And where its banks arose abruptly steep,
Though cliffs it boasts not, lines of lengthen'd shade
Over its silvery breast appear'd to creep :
Yet those soft shadowy lines but lovelier made
Its sparkling radiance seem, by contrast's height'ning
aid.

Orwell ! lov'd stream, at thought of thee I pause,
To pay that tribute thou mayst justly claim,
Scene of my boyish pleasures ! for that cause
Worthy such song as Muse of mine can frame.
Not mine the power to bid thy cherish'd name
To aught of classic dignity aspire ;
Yet all I can bestow of fleeting fame
Thy sweet recesses from my song require,
And well might these demand a worthier, louder lyre.

England may boast of streams more beautiful,
More boldly grand, romantically wild ;
From whose enchanting banks a bard might cull
Rich flowers of fancy as he rov'd beguil'd,
With rocks on rocks around him rudely piled,
Whose clustering pinnacles half hide the sky :—
But storm has seldom lower'd, or sunshine smil'd
Upon a stream, whose features could supply
With harvests passing thine a poet's quiet eye.

The bolder forms of mountain scenery,
When floating mist, or gleam of partial light,
With picturesque effect enchants the eye,
Command that praise thy quiet charms *invite* :
But though the former fill the roving sight
With mute astonishment, ere long it grows
Sated with wonder, and, bewilder'd quite,
Longs for some scene on which it may *repose* ;
Such scenes as thy sweet banks so lavishly disclose.

Thus in the deepest, strongest fascination
Beauty can boast, in woman's lovely face,
Charms there may be that waken admiration,
When *first* beheld, that have no dwelling-place
On Memory's tablet; while thereon we trace
Features less perfect, and less mark'd at first,
But made indelible by softer grace;
Too unobtrusive all at once to burst
Upon the gazer's soul:—once known, for ever nurs'd

With cherish'd fondness, for the much lov'd sake
Of purest happiness, which these alone
Have had the power within our hearts to wake,
By loveliness peculiarly their own.
Such faces live, e'en when that life is flown
Which made their smiles so truly eloquent,
And gave such harmony to every tone
And accent, that, united with them, lent
Unto their passing spell an influence permanent.

They rise upon us in our sweetest dreams

By night ; they break on sorrow's cloudiest day ;
And on the soul far more than sunshine gleams

From their blest smiles : it seems a heavenly ray
Vouchsaf'd to dash the darkness all away,
And let in glorious light upon the soul.

Alas ! too rare their visits, brief their stay ;

Such soothing visions own not our control ;
They rise, they shine, they set—like orbs in heaven
that roll.

Orwell, farewell ! thy cherish'd image must

Be with me as a thing that cannot die,
Until my memory shall resign its trust

Of what life's brightest moments can supply—
Hopes, friendships, love, that charm'd me, and pass'd
by :

Though far apart, perchance, we may not sever ;
And sometimes I may gaze, with pensive eye,
Upon thy winding shores ; yet never, never,
Canst thou recal again enjoyments fled for ever !

And now our morning's ride is ended ; past
Another social meal ; and closing eve
Tells him who frames this legend, that at last
Of the kind circle he must take his leave.
Nor would he foolishly repine, or grieve,
Though some there be whom he may meet no
more ;
E'en should it prove so, why should this bereave
His breast of some sweet thoughts unknown before,
Which friends till then unmet have added to its store ?

No ! every object worthy of our love,
Esteem, or friendship, in a world like this,
(Where mortal man, a pilgrim doom'd to rove,
Some thorns of anguish cannot hope to miss)—
Must, when encounter'd, wear the form of bliss,
And e'en confer it ; though its angel smile,
Like a bright star in night's profound abyss,
By clouds surrounded, beam but for awhile ;
Yet when it does break forth, the gloom it may be-
guile.

And if its loveliness awaken aught
Of grateful feeling ; if it leave behind
Of human nature one relenting thought,
Gentle, affectionate, indulgent, kind ;
Convincing us how closely are entwin'd
ALL human hearts whose element is LOVE ;—
O ! doubt not then it boasts a charm refin'd,
The momentary joys of sense above,
Which He who form'd the heart will graciously
approve.

The day is over ; it is night, dark night !
But such as should succeed a day so fair :
Nought is there in its darkness to affright ;
No gusty winds approaching storms declare,
But peaceful silence fills the dewy air :
E'en such a night as *now*, with voiceless spell,
Has gather'd round me : can I then forbear
A little longer o'er my task to dwell—
The present hour to paint ; NIGHT's calm delights
to tell ?

Soul-soothing season ! period of repose !

Or calm, collected thought, which day debars !

Can language paint, can Poetry disclose

The magic of thy silence, dews, and stars ?

When the loud mirth of day no longer mars

Our better feelings with its empty sound

When we forget, awhile, the cruel jars

Our souls in worldly intercourse have found,

How welcome are thy shades, with peaceful quiet
crown'd !

They gather round us, from their silent wings

Seatt'ring kind blessings ; to the wretched, dear :

Prosperity to gaudy day-light clings,

But thou art Sorrow's chosen, meek compeer :

Thou hid'st her from the cold and heartless sneer

Of wealth's sleek minions, pride's contemptuous
crew ;

Hushest her sigh, conceal'st her bitter tear ;

And, by thy healing influence, dost renew

Her fortitude TO BEAR ! her courage TO SUBDUE !

Thee the poor Poet blesses : who so well,
With grateful heart, may hymn thy praise, as he,
Who hears with joy the friendly curfew-bell
Proclaim that fancy, feeling, thought are free ?
Then for awhile his spirit seems to be
In bless'd communion with the great of yore,
To whom the knowledge of their age in fee
Seem'd granted as a portion ; still their store
Contains exhaustless wealth for study to explore.

Or would such lonely student turn within,
Anxious to know, and use the treasures there ;
More from thy thoughtful watches he may win,
Than day's turmoil will suffer him to dare.
“ A tower, where he might oft out-watch the Bear,”
Was Milton's aspiration ; thought sublime !
A gem thy star-lit brow may proudly wear,
And he might justly offer Thee, whose rhyme
Has prov'd thy silent hours the noblest part of Time.

What various charms are thine ! for still in Thee
Is ample scope for Poesy's fair themes ;
And Thou, O Night ! art guardian of the key
That opes the portal of the land of dreams.
Touch'd by thy wand, our roving fancy teems
With things to which Day has no parallel ;
And gentlest forms, that shun its garish beams—
Sprites too ethereal upon earth to dwell—
Fling round the Poet's couch a soft mysterious spell.

But some there be who scorn such wilder flight,
As joy ideal, unsubstantial, vain ;
And some are strangers to the calm delight
Thy power bestows on Sorrow's pallid train :
Yet even these may bless thy tranquil reign ;
For thy revolving periods health renew
Unto our wearied nature ; flush again
Beauty's wan cheek, curtain her eye of blue,
Or with fresh splendours fill its orb of darker hue.

One topic more, O Night ! will yet intrude

Upon my serious thought, while hymning Thee :—

Thou art the emblem, type, similitude

Of silence yet more awful ; although we

Regret the approach of Death's dark night to see !

FATHER OF MERCIES ! Thou, whose goodness gave
Thy SON BELOV'D, man's sacrifice to be ;

Grant that in life's last hour my soul may crave,
Nor crave in vain, His love to light me through the

Grave !

PITY FOR POOR LITTLE SWEEPS.

THE morn was dark, the wind was high
With many a gusty swell ;
And from the moonless, starless sky
The rain in torrents fell :
An hour it was when sleep seem'd dear,
And wakefulness allied to fear.

'Tis pleasant, on a summer night,
From tranquil rest to wake,
And see the moonbeams' silvery light
In gentle glory break
Through opening clouds or leafy trees,
Whose whispers own the passing breeze.

And 'tis delightful, just as day
 Illumes the eastern skies,
To hear the first bird's matin lay,
 Or cock's shrill clarion rise ;
To list, with unclos'd lids, and then
Gently to sink in sleep again.

But, on a stormy winter morn,
 When all is dark and drear ;
When every sound, too, seems forlorn
 Which breaks upon the ear,—
If sleep be from the pillow gone,
The restless hours creep slowly on.

Such lot was mine not long ago ;
 When to my ear was brought
A plaintive outcry, faint and low,
 At first as faintly caught ;
But soon the doleful whine of "*Sweep!*"
Betray'd its source, and "*murder'd sleep.*"

For who *could* sleep, while such a strain,
 By *childish* accents pour'd,
Brought all its wretchedness and pain
 To be by thought explor'd,
And Fancy felt compell'd to range
Through sufferings varied, new, and strange ?

The sea-boy, in the fearful din
Of wild waves crested white,
Constrain'd the top-mast's height to win
In some tempestuous night,—
His giddy, awful task may scan
With feelings worthy of a Man.

The winds may rock him to and fro,
The thunder loudly rave,
The lightnings flash, the waves below
May yawn,—an opening grave ;
Yet with him to his post may climb
The germs of sentiments sublime ;—

Of danger brav'd, of honour won
By confidence and skill ;
Memories of feats by others done ;
Proud hopes he may fulfil ;
And cheering thoughts within may glow
Of messmates' watchful eyes below.

But thou, poor abject child ! whose cry
Still haunts my memory's ear,
What can thy weary lot supply
The aching heart to cheer ?
Poor outcast, what a doom is thine !
And nought save fruitless pity mine.

To brave the stormy winter's morn,
Half naked, sparely fed ;
Dark, dangerous labyrinths forlorn,
With limbs benumb'd, to thread ;
To lead this life from day to day,
Of filth and misery the prey ;—

To have been train'd to such a course
By menaces and blows ;
To follow it with pain, perforce,
Through all its varied woes ;—
A weary lot is thine, indeed,
Which, thus epitomiz'd, can plead.

Yet thou, poor Child ! wast once, perchance,
A widow's darling joy,
Whose speaking smile and sparkling glance
Dwelt fondly on her boy ;
Whose heart for thee fram'd schemes of bliss,
Whose lips press'd thine with many a kiss.

But she is dead ! and thou art left
To live thy weary day ;
Of friends, of parents, hope bereft,
With none to cheer thy way ;
With none thy footsteps to reclaim
From ignorance, and vice, and shame.

What though to outward sight thou wear
The human form divine,
How desolate thy scanty share
Of what it should enshrine,—
Of all that is RELIGION'S fruit,
And raises Man above the Brute !

Yet hast thou an immortal Soul,
For which A SAVIOUR died ;
And thou, at Judgment's awful goal,
Thine audit must abide :—
A solemn thought *this*, sure, should be
To those who now might rescue Thee !

HYMN.

GIVE glory unto God on high !
To Him who arch'd the vaulted sky ;
Who mighty Earth's circumference spann'd,
And weigh'd its waters in his hand ;
Who form'd the countless orbs that gem
Dark Night's resplendent diadem ;
Gave life unto each living thing ;
Created Man their earthly king ;
Then gave his Son for man to die ;—
Give glory unto God on high.

Give glory to the Son, who came
Cloth'd in our fleshly, mortal frame ;
Who bore our sins, vouchsaf'd to give
Himself to die, that we might live ;
Who—holy, harmless, undefil'd,
Was patient—spurn'd, was dumb—revil'd ;
Who, in the agonies of death,
Pour'd for his foes his parting breath ;
Was perfect God and Man in one ;—
Give glory to the Incarnate Son !

Give glory to the Holy Ghost !
Who, on the day of Pentecost,
From heaven to earth in mercy came,
Descending as in tongues of flame ;
The promis'd Comforter and Guide,
Through whom the soul is sanctified ;
Who still is manifest within,
To prompt to good, convict of sin ;—
Ye saints on earth, ye heavenly host,
Give glory to the Holy Ghost !

Join all on earth, in heaven above,
In honour, blessing, glory, love !
Sing praises to the great I AM ;
Sing praises to the spotless Lamb ;
Sing praises to that Power Divine
Who sanctifies the inner shrine ;
That so the Father's glorious Name
All creatures hallow'd may proclaim ;
And, through the Spirit shed abroad,
Confess that Jesus Christ is Lord !

Though Reason gives not finite Man
Divine infinitude to scan,
Yet Man may his Creator own ;
May bow before a Saviour's throne ;
The Comforter with awe receive ;
Their true Divinity believe :
And while he chants the Father's love,
Who sends the Spirit from above
To win dominion for the Son—
With joy confess that GOD IS ONE !

THE MANIAC;

WRITTEN AFTER READING TUKE'S ACCOUNT OF THE
RETREAT.

To see the human mind o'erturn'd ;
Its loftiest heights in ruin laid ;
And Reason's lamp, which brightly burn'd,
Obscur'd, or quench'd in frenzy's shade—
A sight like this may well awake
Our grief, our fear, for Nature's sake.

It is a painful, humbling thought—
That the proud empire of the mind,
With wit endow'd, with science fraught,
Is fleeting as the passing wind ;
And that the richest boon of Heaven
To man—is rather LENT than GIVEN.

To-day he sits on Reason's throne,
And bids his subject powers obey ;
Thought, Memory, Will, all seem his own,
Come at his bidding, list his sway :
To-morrow, from dominion hurl'd,
Madness pervades the mental world !

Yet think not, though forlorn and drear
The Maniac's doom, his lot the worst ;
There is a suffering more severe
Than these sad records have rehears'd :—
'Tis his—whose virtue struggles still
In hopeless conflict with his will.

There are before whose mental eye
Truth has her chastest charms display'd ;
But gaudier phantoms, flutt'ring by,
The erring mind have still betray'd ;
Till gathering clouds in awful night
Have quench'd each beam of heavenly light.

There are whose mental ear has heard
“ The still small voice ! ” yet, prone to wrong,
Have proudly, foolishly preferr'd
The sophist's creed, the siren's song ;
And stak'd, upon a desperate throw,
Their hopes above, their peace below.

There are whose mournful days present
One constant scene of painful strife ;
Who hourly for themselves invent
Fresh conflicts ;—till this dream of Life
Has made their throbbing bosoms ache ;
And yet, alas ! they fear to wake.

With their's compar'd, the Maniac's doom,
Though abject, may be counted blest ;
His mind, though often veil'd in gloom,
At times may know a vacant rest :—
Not so while thought and conscience prey
Upon the heart which slights their sway.

O THOU ! whose cause they both espouse,
In mercy bid such conflict cease ;
Strengthen the wakening sinner's vows,
And grant him penitence and peace,
Ere frenzied anguish o'er the soul
The dark'ning clouds of horror roll.

WINTER EVENINGS.

THE Summer is over,
The Autumn is past,
Dark clouds round us hover,
Loud whistles the blast ;
But clouds cannot darken, nor tempests destroy,
The soul's sweetest sunshine, the heart's purest joy.

The bright fire is flinging
Its splendour around ;
The kettle, too, singing,
And blithe is its sound :
Then welcome in evening, and shut out the day,
Its soul-fretting troubles—O ! tempt not their stay.

Of care, and of sorrow,
Each day brings its share ;
From eve let us borrow
Fresh patience to bear :
And the clouds that pass o'er us by day shall look bright
In the gentle effulgence of evening's warm light.

Our days are devoted
To trial and toil ;
To conflicts unnoted ;
And scanty their spoil :
No respite for feeling has day-light made known,
But the quiet of evening may still be our own.

Our path is no bright one
From morning till eve ;
Our task is no light one
Till day takes its leave :
But now let us gratefully pause on our way,
And be thankfully cheerful, and blamelessly gay.

We'll turn to the pages
Of History's lore ;
Of Bards and of Sages
The beauties explore ;
And share, o'er the records we love to unroll,
The calm "feast of reason, the flow of the soul."

To you, who have often,
In life's later years,
Brought kindness to soften
Its cares and its fears—

To you, with true feeling, your Poet and Friend
The joys you have heighten'd may fondly commend.

When sorrow has sadden'd,
Your smiles shed their light ;
When pleasure has gladden'd,
You made it more bright :

And with you Winter Evenings enjoyments can bring
More dear to your Minstrel than Mornings of Spring.

SONNET TO PATIENCE.

BRIGHT are Hope's laughing eyes, and sweet the
smile

Playing on Fancy's lips ; and Pleasure's brow,
Unfurrow'd yet by Sorrow's ruthless plough,
Has beauty which the thoughtful may beguile
To brief forgetfulness. E'en I, erewhile,
Thought these were beautiful ; but lovelier Thou,
Beneath whose influence I would gladly bow,
Howe'er the World thy gentle charms revile.
Thy parentage 'twere needless to inquire ;
For those who love thee trace thy high descent,
Pure as that peace which is thy element,
From holy Faith, who is thy heaven-born Sire ;
Thy Mother—meek-eyed Love, whose thoughts aspire
To be in every state and lot content.

PRAYER FOR GOSPEL-LIGHT.

“ Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound.”

Isaiah, xxx. 26.

ARISE, arise, thou glorious Light !
 Surpassing that of day,
 And o'er the spirit's starless night
 Diffuse thy dawning ray :
 Thy gentle splendour, from on high,
 Alone can holy hope supply
 To pilgrims Zion-ward,
 Alone can dissipate their fear,
 And tell them that the time draws near
 Of healing from the Lord :—

The time for binding up the breach
Which sin and death have made ;
For healing wounds beyond the reach
Of Reason's vaunted aid :
Of such our spirits own the woe ;
A mightier must the balm bestow ;—
But all around is dark ;
Night still our onward path enshrouds,
And, to the spirit's eye, its clouds
Are resting on the Ark.

Fain would we turn to thee, O Lord !
For we have wander'd far ;
But, while our wand'rings are abhorr'd,
We wait thy guiding star :
That star the Eastern Sages saw,
And follow'd with devoted awe.
O ! bid its light arise ;
Disperse the clouds that veil our ark,
That we may journey toward the mark,—
Press forward for the prize.

For us that glorious Child was born ;
For us vouchsaf'd to give
Himself to poverty and scorn ;
And died, that we might live ;
For us the Holy Spirit's tones
Plead, in unutterable groans,
Before thy mercy-seat :
Then open on our mental eye
Thy joyful day-spring from on high,
To guide our erring feet.

While in thine outward Word we trace
Each promise of thy love,
Grant us thy gift of saving Grace,
Their *life* and *power* to prove :
Give us in living faith to feel
A SAVIOUR every wound can heal,
And every breach repair ;
That so each feeling and each thought
Into obedience may be brought,
And perfect love declare.

Then on the moonlight path we tread,
Thy sun shall pour its rays ;
That sun, no more eclips'd, shall shed
Around a seven-fold blaze ;
And we, in light, and faith, and love,
Shall journey to our home above,
A City pure and bright,
Where Sun nor Moon thy power declare,
Nor e'en a Temple rear'd for *prayer* ;
But Thou, O God ! art present there,
Thy presence—*praise* and *light* !

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

THOUGH sleepless nights and weary days
Awhile my portion be,
Teach me, O Lord! in prayer and praise
To lift my heart to Thee :

In prayer—for faith and patience still ;
For hopes that soar above ;
For meek submission to Thy will ;
Conviction of Thy love :—

In praise—for mercies left me yet,
With grateful thoughts to share ;—
O! teach my heart to feel the debt
My tongue cannot declare !

My heart, my tongue!—Lord! what am I,
That I the knee should bend,
Or hope, where angel voices vie,
My praises should ascend?

My only hope—a worm of earth!
For praise or prayer of mine,
Must be, as these derive their birth
From thy pure GRACE DIVINE.

Be this their source: then may they rise
Before Thy holy throne;
There plead A SAVIOUR'S sacrifice,
And trust HIS power alone.

So shall the hosts, who ne'er have striven
With sin and guilty shame,
More sweetly still, for *Man forgiven*,
Give glory to THY NAME!

A POET'S NOBLEST THEME.

THE works of Man may yield delight,
And justly merit praise ;
But, though awhile they charm the sight,
That charm in time decays :
The Sculptor's, Painter's, Poet's skill,—
The art of Mind's creative will,
In various modes may teem ;
But none of these, however rare
Or exquisite, can Truth declare
A Poet's noblest theme.

The Sun, uprising, may display
His glory to the eye,
And hold in majesty his way
Across the vaulted sky ;
Then sink resplendent in the west,
Where parting clouds his rays invest
With beauty's softest beam ;—
Yet not unto the Sun belong
The charms, which consecrate in song
A Poet's noblest theme.

The Moon, with yet more touching grace,
The silent night may cheer,
And shed o'er many a lonely place
A charm to feeling dear ;
The countless stars which grace her reign,
A voiceless, but a lovely train,
With brilliant light may gleam ;
But she, nor they, though fair to see,
And form'd to love, can ever be
A Poet's noblest theme.

The Winds, whose music to the ear
With that of Art may vie,
Now loud awakening awe and fear,
Then soft as pity's sigh ;—
The mighty Ocean's ample breast,
Calm or convuls'd, in wrath or rest,
A glorious sight may seem ;—
But neither winds, nor boundless sea,
Though beautiful, or grand, can be
A Poet's noblest theme.

The Earth, our own dear native Earth !
Has charms all hearts may own ;
They cling around us from our birth—
More lov'd as longer known :
Her's are the lovely vales, the wild
And pathless forests, mountains pil'd
On high, and many a stream,
Whose beauteous banks the heart may love ;
Yet none of these can Truth approve
A Poet's noblest theme.

The Virtues, which our fallen estate
 With foolish pride would claim,
 May, in themselves, be good and great ;
 To us an empty name :
 Truth, Justice, Mercy, Patience, Love,
 May seem with Man on earth to rove,
 And yet may *only seem* :
 To none of these, *as Man's*, dare I
 The title of my verse apply—
 “ A Poet's noblest theme.”

To GOD alone, whose Power divine
 Created all that live ;
 To GOD alone, can Truth assign
 This proud prerogative :—
 But how shall Man attempt His praise,
 Or dare to sing in mortal lays
 OMNIPOTENCE SUPREME !
 When Seraph Choirs, in Heaven above,
 Proclaim His Glory, and His Love,
 Their noblest, sweetest theme ?

Thanks be to God! His Grace has shown
How sinful man on earth
May join the songs which round his throne
Give endless praises birth:
HE gave HIS SON for man to die!
HE sent HIS SPIRIT from on high
To consummate the scheme:
O be that consummation blest!
And let REDEMPTION be confest
A Poet's noblest theme.

TEMPORALS AND SPIRITUALS.

WHAT is lovelier far than the Spring can be,
 To the gloom of dark Winter succeeding,
 When the blossoms are blushing on flower and tree,
 And the lambs in the meadows are feeding ;
 While the earth below, and the heavens above,
 Resound with the anthems of joy and love ?

'Tis the Spring of the soul ! when on Sin's dark night
 A ray from above is descending,
 And the tear of contrition, lit up by its light,
 With its beauty is silently blending ;
 When the heart's broken accents of prayer and praise
 Are sweeter than Nature's softest lays.

What is stronger and brighter than Summer's sun,
 In his noon-tide effulgence shining?
 Yet gentler than he, when his goal is won,
 And his beams in the west are declining?
 More glorious than Summer's most cloudless day,
 Whose loveliest splendour soon passes away?

'Tis the Christian's zenith, the Summer of him
 Whose strength to his God is devoted;
 Who, whether his path-way be bright or dim,
 By mortals admir'd or unnoted—
 From strength to strength, and from grace to grace,
 Outshines the Sun in his glorious race.

What is richer than Harvest? what gladdens the heart
 Beyond Autumn, with bounty o'erflowing?
 What is wealthier than all the proud trophies of art;
 More ripe than the red vintage glowing;
 Yet majestic and touching as Autumn's eve,
 When the Sun's calm glory is taking its leave?

'Tis the Saint's ripe harvest; the gathering-in
 To the garner of thanks and of glory;
 His prayer and praise for redemption from sin;
 His hopes, now his locks are hoary,
 That the mercy and goodness, vouchsaf'd him long,
 May still be his stay, and his even-song.

What is stiller and fairer than Winter's night,
When the full moon and stars are unclouded ;
When earth is bespangled with glory and light,
Though its life deep within it be shrouded ;
When all is so calm and so lovely around,
That a whisper might startle the ear by its sound ?

'Tis the parting hour of the Saint, when his cheek
Is ting'd with delightful emotion ;
When his eye and his smile in silence speak
The spirit's sublimest devotion ;
When his earthly beauty and vigour have flown,
But the brightness of Heaven is over him thrown.

A MEMORIAL OF JAMES NAYLER,

THE REPROACH AND GLORY OF QUAKERISM.

I KNOW thy fall to some appears
Our sect's reproach and shame ;
That the dark clouds of distant years
Still hover round thy name ;
That not the sceptic's taunt alone,
And bigot's harsh upbraiding tone,
Have been to thee unjust ;
But some, who ought thy worth to feel,
Thy weakness gladly would conceal,
And view thee with distrust.

These think that nothing can atone
For such a lapse as thine,
And wish oblivion's curtain thrown
O'er every word and line
Which tells of thy o'erclouded hour,
Of darkness' and delusion's power,
The strange and fearful tale ;
As if their silence could efface
Each humbling, yet instructive trace
Of one who prov'd so frail.

Fruitless the wish, if such there be,
Thy weakness to forget ;
Though there be much combin'd with thee
To waken keen regret ;
Much to excite compassion's tear ;
To prompt humility and fear,
And vigilance to teach ;—
Yet in thy penitence and shame
Not less might strictest Truth proclaim,
Which every heart should reach.

Be it then known—though dire thy fall,
And dark thy error's night,
Thy spirit rose from every thrall
To liberty and light ;—
That, through the Saviour's grace divine,
A peaceful, hopeful end was thine,
His matchless power to tell ;
And Gospel precepts, undefil'd,
From lips no more by doubt beguil'd,
In dying accents fell.

“ There is a spirit which I feel
That would revenge no wrong,
Whose calm endurance can reveal
The Hope that maketh strong ;—
That Hope, which can all wrath outlive,
Contention's bitterness forgive,
The scoffs of pride endure ;
Can wear out cruelty ; subdue
Whatever is oppos'd unto
Its nature meek and pure.

“ It sees to all temptation’s end ;
And, while it suffers not
Aught evil with itself to blend,
No brother’s name would blot :
Betray’d, it bears it, for its ground
And spring is Mercy !—it is crown’d
With meekness, love unfeign’d ;
It takes its kingdom but by prayer,
Not strife,—and keeps with humble care
What lowliness has gain’d :

“ In GOD alone it can rejoice,
Though none regard beside :
HE only owns its humble voice,
Who first its life supplied :
In sorrow was it first conceiv’d,
Brought forth unpitied ;—is it griev’d ?
Oppress’d ?—no murmur flows ;
Through suffering only comes its joy ;
For worldly pleasures would destroy
The hidden life it knows.

“ I found this hope, when left alone,
From man’s communion hurl’d ;
Therein sweet fellowship have known
With outcasts of the world ;
With them who lived in dens of earth,
Desolate places, far from mirth ;
But who, through death to sin,
A glorious resurrection gain’d,
And holy, steadfast hope obtain’d
Eternal life to win !”

If such thy dying words—if such
Thy parting spirit’s tone—
Should not thy Memory waken much
For Fellowship to own ?
If few have ever fallen as Thou,
Yet few or none can Truth avow
So gloriously restor’d ;
And plac’d before the Christian’s eye
A monument to testify
The goodness of THE LORD !

So highly does my spirit prize
Thy truly Christian fame,
OUR History boasts not, in my eyes,
A more illustrious Name ;—
Not one to which I oftener turn,
Afresh the excellence to learn
Of watching unto prayer ;
Of deep humility the worth ;
Of Hope, which owes to Grace its birth,
Where Nature would despair ;—

Of shame and suffering, meekly crown'd
With glory from above ;
Of strength in conscious weakness found,
And life in fervent love :
These may be lessons hard to learn
By those, who only will discern
What outward sense can see ;
But fools, in worldly wisdom's view,
Confess them excellent and true,
Exemplified in Thee.

An ardent mind may be deceiv'd
By wild enthusiast dreams,
Then doubt the light it once believ'd,
Though brightly still it beams ;
But from such visions to awake,
Their dark delusions to forsake,
And see *The Light* yet shine ;—
To own, to follow, love it still,
In self-abasedness of will,—
Was worthy Faith like thine !

Note.

In the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth stanzas of this Poem, I have attempted to embody in verse some of Nayler's expressions on his death-bed, as given in Sewell's History. That I have done very inadequate justice to the original, I cheerfully concede ; but the difficulty of success can be only appreciated by those who feel the beauty of that original ; and they, I am sure, would forgive even a failure more complete, for the sake of the feelings which led to the attempt.—There is a simple sublimity, a spiritual unction, if I may so term it, in the style of Nayler's age, which a modern poetical paraphrase can scarcely hope to convey.

TO DEATH.

It is an awful thing to die !
But did not Man thy form supply
 With terrors not its own,
Not thus to life would mortals cling,
Nor view thee as a gloomy thing
 To waken fear alone.

But we have ransack'd Fancy's realm
For frightful symbols to o'erwhelm
 Life's nerveless, weakest hour :
At distance, we defy thy dart ;
When thou draw'st nigh, with coward art
 We aggravate thy power.

Thy form would we personify,
A hideous monster greets the eye,
 Gaunt, ghastly, fleshless, dire ;
We give thee emblems, too, as dull—
A scythe, and bones, and naked skull,
 Fresh horrors to inspire.

With stifled breath we speak thy name,
Whene'er this perishable frame
 Would thy approach declare ;
And when we feel that thou art nigh,
We turn away, as if to die
 Were more than man could dare.

Not only do we strive to blind
Ourselves,—but, with intentions kind,
 From others we conceal
Thy stealthy pace, thy lifted arm,
As if our silence had the charm
 Thy sentence to repeal.

Thus to attempt ourselves to cheat,
Is folly's, and not wisdom's feat ;
 And in another's case,
'Twere wiser, kinder, more sincere,
To teach the sufferer without fear
 To look thee in the face.

To doubt such courage may be won,
Is more than Reason's voice to shun ;
 This might excuse supply ;
Not so the covert treason shown
To HIM, who has thy power o'erthrown,
 And taught us how to die.

Thou mayst be terrible, O Death !
To those who hold by vital breath
 Each treasure of the heart ;
Whose happiness is found below ;
Who with this life, must *all* forego—
 From all they prize must part.

But to the Christian, who, serene,
Has look'd through Faith on things unseen—
 Thy solemn, trying hour
Is far from dreadful ; for his soul
Knows who can Nature's fears control,
 And trusts a Saviour's power.

His treasure is laid up on high,
“Where moth and rust can come not nigh,
 Nor thieves break through and steal ;”
The only bonds which hold him here
Are duty, reverential fear,
 And ties that all *should* feel.

But duty, is he call'd above,
Prompts upward, and perfected love
Can cast out every fear ;
And Nature's ties, though strong their force,
Are loos'd by GOD, their purest Source,
Who gave them earth to cheer.

Then thou, the last and deadliest foe
Of Man, art laid for ever low,
No longer to appal ;
From sin redeem'd, with humble trust,
The spirit waits to join the just,
Where God is all in all.

And thou art stingless ! while the grave
No victory over such can crave ;—
Through Faith and Hope sublime,
Heaven over Earth the triumph gains ;
Joys yet to be o'er present pains ;
Eternity o'er Time !

WOMAN.

Too oft on thee, in wayward mood,
 Has Satire pour'd its spiteful lays,
 And Flattery found its choicest food
 In greeting thee with servile praise :
 The artless tribute I would raise,
 From flattery and from satire free,
 In simple truth, alone, essays
 To speak my gratitude to Thee.

How vast, how complicate the debt
 I owe to thee, 'twere vain to tell :—
 In childhood, can I e'er forget
 The voice, which, like a soothing spell,
 Beguil'd each grief? how softly fell
 On youth's fond ear a gentler tone !
 How sweet, e'en now, it is to dwell
 On thy lov'd voice, and thine alone !

I owe thee much, for I was rear'd
Beneath thy kind and fost'ring care ;
Thy smiles my earliest joys endear'd ;—
As life advanc'd more priz'd they were,
Prompting me manhood's ills to bear ;
And now, of all created things,
Thou, chiefly, chidest dark despair,
And unto thee Hope fondly clings.

They feel not thy transcendent worth
Who love thee most in sun-bright hours ;
I know thy smile can heighten mirth,
As day-light gladdens opening flowers ;
I know that e'en thy playful powers
In sportive mood,—thy look, thy voice,
When some light cloud around us lowers,
Can bid Man's grateful heart rejoice.

But 'tis in seasons far more drear,
Of outward, inward gloom combin'd,
When sorrow knows no bursting tear,
But dark despair o'erclouds the mind—
'Tis then in thee the wretched find
That purer, gentler power display'd,
Which, fond, yet firm, appears design'd
To dissipate each darker shade.

None, none can paint, who have not known
Such hours, what thou canst then reveal ;
That charm peculiarly thy own,
Which seems, by art that all can feel,
The sufferer from himself to steal ;
The balm of sympathy to shed
On wounds which God alone can heal,
And call back hope as from the dead.

'Tis not thy beauty that can give
This influence o'er the mourner's heart ;
This pure, this high prerogative
Is gain'd thee by no studied art :
A fever'd spirit's rankling smart
Heeds not a face, nor form, nor air ;
The charm that thou canst then impart
Proclaims that something else is there.

It is the patient, quiet power
Of deep affection, given with birth ;
Thy richest, and thy noblest dower,
Far, far above thy smiles of mirth :
That love which knows no wintry dearth
In bleak adversity's chill blast,
But whose meek, self-forgetting worth
Endures unshaken to the last.

Yet though this glorious gift appear
 Thy nat'ral birth-right here below,
 Let meek humility and fear
 Its holiest source both feel and know :
 Mere earthly love may come and go,
 As meteors o'er our path may shine ;
 But that which lives through care and woe,
 Religion's influence must refine.

This only gives that higher zest
 To which thy spirit should aspire ;
 Thy influence o'er Man's grateful breast
 By this dominion should acquire :
 The painter's hues, the poet's lyre,
 Thy mortal graces may display ;
 But thou shouldst for thyself desire,
 And seek a yet more deathless sway.

Man is immers'd in worldly cares,
 And ceaseless conflicts ;—science, fame,
 Commerce,—*the world's* uncounted snares—
 Beset his every earthly aim :
 Thine is the privilege to claim
 A more sequester'd path ;—O ! strive
 To cherish that ethereal flame
 Which shall mortality survive.

The busiest life that Man can lead
Has many a moment's breathing space :
Seek thou for wisdom, strength to plead
In such for pure Religion's grace ;
Then shalt thou in thy proper place
Meekly the Gospel's power adorn,
And prove, in more than form or face,
" Man is," indeed, " of Woman born."

THE MOURNER'S HOPE.

“ The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.”

Cowper.

WORDS of more truth than these
Shall Mourner never hear ;
Albeit they fail to please
The Worldling's itching ear,
Who by a flowery path that land would gain,
Would there with LAZARUS live, yet here with DIVES
reign.

Fruitless the idle aim
Each earthly joy to woo,
And yet expect to claim
Heaven's bright reversion too.
Who can, like ESAU, here his birth-right sell,
Yet hope the blessing that on JACOB fell ?

Nor need we mourn for this ;—
 Low—brief—the joys of Time ;
 But Heaven's immortal bliss
 Eternal and sublime :
 And Sorrow's thorny path, if meekly trod,
 May lead at last to happiness and GOD !

Let but those thorns, awhile,
 Which here we must partake,
 HIS Spirit reconcile,
 Who bore them for our sake ;
 Who through their anguish unto Glory pass'd,
 And wore them for his dying crown at last.

Then, Mourner ! bear thee up ;
 Be *Self* still sacrific'd ;
 Drink of thy Master's cup ;
 Be with thy Lord baptiz'd ;
 Thus art thou HIS disciple ; and to Thee
 HIS NAME THE RESURRECTION—LIFE—shall be !

A RELIQUE OF NAPOLEON,

OR VERSES ON A LEAF GATHERED FROM HIS GRAVE.

Is this, departed scourge of earth!
A Relique worthy Thee?
In many it would waken mirth,
Its littleness to see;
While some—that in my peaceful eyes
Such relique should be deem'd a prize,
Would more offended be;—
And chide the feeling that would save
One leaf that flutter'd o'er thy grave.

But to a Poet's thoughtful view
This frail memorial teems
With feelings, fancies, tender, true,
Worth all ambition's dreams ;
Nor could a homily express
More on the empty nothingness
Of conquest's wildest schemes,
Than this poor wither'd leaf displays
To meditation's thoughtful gaze.

Those who regard with dazzled eye
Thy comet-like career,
May pass this slight memento by
With cold, contemptuous sneer ;
And think a pyramid's proud height,
To awe, and overwhelm the sight,
Should be emblazon'd here,
In whose enduring, giant frame,
Fancy might typify thy Fame.

Ill-judging Men! Thy reliques found
A tomb by Nature plann'd,
And frowning rocks, that hem them round,
Their guardians seem to stand:
Oft, when those cliffs emerge to sight,
Crested with clouds, or tipt with light,
The seaman's outstretch'd hand
Shall show, uprising from the wave,
The lonely isle which is thy grave!

What could Ambition's self desire
To tell its votary's lot?
Where would its wildest dreams aspire,
If this content them not?
Imagination can supply
No cenotaph to heart, or eye,
Like that rock-girdled spot,
Which saw thy sun go down in gloom;
Which *was* thy prison—*is* thy tomb!

Had but thy fame (for fame *was* thine)
 Been truly good and great,
No monument could Art assign
 With such an one to mate:
Those who most idolize thy name
Could scarcely wish for thee to claim
 Sublimer funeral state,
Or mausoleum more august
To tell thy death, and guard thy dust.

For me, though through thy stormy day
 I reverenc'd not thy power,
And mourn'd to see thee cast away
 A monarch's noblest dower ;
Yet often have I turn'd awhile
To thee on thy far distant isle,
 In Fortune's adverse hour ;—
Nor would I willingly deface
This relique of thy resting-place.

'Tis all I wish it:—just enough
To waken thoughts of thee,
Which need not dread a Slave's rebuff,
Much less offend **THE FREE** :
Let those thy eulogies invent
Who to the living tyrant bent
A selfish, servile knee:—
And they who feel not for *the dead*,
May triumph o'er thy narrow bed.

Rather would I, in thoughtful frame,
O'er this poor relique bend,
Which seems to say, "Of earthly fame
Behold the fruitless end:
Alike the monarch and the slave,
The fool and wise, the base and brave,
To silent dust descend:—
I sprang up from a buried Chief,
And am, like him, a wither'd leaf.

“ Time was, when o’er his crownless head
My beauty lov’d to bow,
Green as the victor-wreaths that shed
Theirs round his living brow ;
Glorious and dazzling as they seem’d,
While fickle sunshine round them gleam’d,
They are—what *I* am now !
The leaf that *withers not* is known
Upon ‘ THE TREE OF LIFE ’ alone !”

NIGHT-MUSINGS.

HASTEN, O Lord! that happy time
When, through thy Spirit's light,
Our souls shall offer songs sublime
To thee in hours of night ;
And own that "few and evil days"
Are far too brief to chant thy praise.

Hasten the hour, when songs shall rise
From hearts that long have slept,
As when with holy sacrifice
Solemnity is kept ;
And gladness of the heart is known
Before thine omnipresent throne.

As when, with pipe's melodious sound,
One goeth to thy Hill,
To spread thy glorious praise around,
And magnify thy will,
Telling what gracious deeds are done
By ancient Israel's Mighty One.

Not songless would night-watches be,
If, through the hours of day,
Our hearts, O Lord! were turn'd to Thee,
Their surest, holiest stay ;
With earnest cravings to be fed
By thee with daily, living bread.

But we, a fall'n and sinful race,
In quest of shadows roam,
O'erlook the treasures of thy Grace,
Forget our future home ;
And day's delights, its cares, and noise,
Leave Night no zest for holy joys.

O! hasten, then, that happier hour,
When bright within shall shine
Thy Holy Spirit's teaching power,
With ministry divine,
Whose sacred teachings strength can give,
And bid the soul obey and live!

When, through thy Son's great sacrifice,
Our souls shall pardon find,
And feel, and own how vast the price
He paid for lost mankind—
A thought, a feeling, that should raise
Unceasing gratitude and praise :—

Then shall a song, as in the night,
Be given to Man to sing,
And earth's brief darkness shall seem bright
Through Heaven's Eternal King :
Day unto day shall utter speech ;
Night unto night shall knowledge teach.

A MEMORIAL OF MARY DYER,

ONE OF THE EARLY WORTHIES AND MARTYRS IN THE
SOCIETY OF QUAKERS.

WE too have had our Martyrs. Such wert Thou,
Illustrious Woman! though the starry crown
Of martyrdom have sate on many a brow,
In the World's eye, of far more wide renown.

Yet the same spirit grac'd thy fameless end,
Which shone in Latimer, and his compeers,
Upon whose hallow'd memories still attend
Manhood's warm reverence, Childhood's guileless
tears.

Well did *they* win them: may they keep them long!
Their names require not praise obscure as mine;
Nor does my Muse their cherish'd memories wrong,
By this imperfect aim to honour thine.

Heroic Martyr of a sect despis'd!

Thy name and memory to my heart are dear:
Thy fearless zeal, in artless childhood priz'd,
The lapse of years has taught me to revere.

Thy Christian worth demands no Poet's lay,
Historian's pen, nor Sculptor's boasted art:
What could the proudest tribute these can pay
To thy immortal spirit now impart?

Yet seems it like *a sacred debt* to give
The brief memorial thou mayst well supply;
Whose life display'd how Christians ought to live;
Whose death—how Christian Martyrs calmly die.

IVE-GILL; A DAY DREAM.

THE brute, the bird, the insect race,
 Which live their little day,
 Enjoy their transient dwelling place,
 Then pass from sight away.
 Feeling, enjoyment, life are theirs ;
 But thought,—its bliss or woe,
 Prospective, retrospective cares,
 Or joys—they cannot know.

To Man has God vouchsaf'd to give
 The proud, distinct power,
 Out of himself, by thought to live,
 In fancy's busy hour ;
 To bid imagination wake
 His ancestors again,
 Or with his latest seed partake
 Their pleasure and their pain.

Then chide not him, whose musing thought
Reverts to days of yore,
And comes back bearing visions fraught
With speculative store ;
Day-dreams of those whose name he bears,
The scenes in which they dwelt,
Till in their long-past joys and cares
He feel as they have felt.

The pride that springs from high descent
May be no pride of mine ;
My lowlier views are well content
To claim a humbler line :
Fancy shall wing no daring flight,
And rear no lofty dome—
Ive-gill's small hamlet her delight,
And Ive-gill's modest home.

And now before my mental eye
I see a lowly vale ;
The silent stars are in the sky,
And moonlight's lustre pale
Illumes its scatter'd cots and trees,
And, with its tuneful song,
Louder and steadier than the breeze,
IVE gladly flows along :—

It flows on o'er its pebbly bed ;
And Fancy's wistful ear
Is on its gentle music fed
With thoughts and feelings dear.—
But lo ! a dream-like change takes place :—
The dawn of day is nigh ;
Its bright'ning blush I seem to trace
Far in the eastern sky :—

The sun comes forth, the valley smiles
In morning's blithe array ;
The song of birds the ear beguiles
From every glist'ning spray ;
The bee is on its journey gone
To store its humble hive ;
And, still in music rolling on,
Is heard the gladsome Ivc.

In such a spot I love to dream
That ancestor of mine
Once dwelt, and saw on Ivc's fair stream
Morn's cloudless glory shine :
I love to trace back " kith and kin "
To air so fresh and free,
And cherish still an interest in
The bonnie North countrie !

“ The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall :”
 Bright be his glory there !
 And sweetly may the moon-beams fall
 On Eden’s waters fair ;
 And long may memories that I prize
 Amid those scenes survive,
 As sweetest sounds to me arise
 From dear, though distant Ive.

No more.—If, Reader ! unto thee
 My dream but idlesse seems,
 Remember Fancy, Thought are free
 To choose their favourite themes :
 And themes so pure may bless the heart,
 If, with their strongest claim,
 One virtuous impulse they impart
 To keep a spotless name.

Note.

A Poet, I think, must be very deficient in those feelings which rank amongst the purer elements of his art, whose imagination does not at times revert to his progenitors. I frankly confess mine often has done so; and I am quite as well content to trace back my remotest ancestor (at no very distant period) to the humble home I have here attempted to describe, as I could have been to have found him enrolled at the Herald’s Office.

TO MY HOME CIRCLE ;

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME PRESENTED TO THEM.

WHETHER these pages win for me,
In other eyes, a Poet's name,
Allow them in your own to be
A pledge of Friendship's dearer claim.

The proudest fame the World can give
Scarce pays the Bard whose wishes roam :
The fame for which 'tis sweet to live,
Must come from eyes, lips, hearts—*at home!*

A COMMENTARY

ON A LINE OF SALVATOR ROSA.

“ Nasci poena, vita labor, necesse mori.”

O! say not that the boon of birth
 Is *punishment* alone:
 God, who bestow'd it, knew its worth;
 The gift was all His own—
 Design'd to serve a noble end,
 Would but thy thoughts to Him ascend.

Think not that Life is nothing more
 Than *labour*:—hath it not,
 'Mid paths by thorns besprinkled o'er,
 Full many a flowery spot,
 Whence gentle feelings, musings high,
 May soar to immortality?

Nor look on Death, Man's latest foe,
As *necessary ill* :
Seek but THY SAVIOUR's power to know,
And do thy Maker's will—
And Death, the end of care and strife,
Shall be the door of endless life !

TO MY CARLISLE COUSINS ;

ON THEIR PRESENTING ME WITH THE PORTRAIT OF MY
FATHER.

My courteous Cousins ! you have won,
Both from the Poet and the Son,
Thanks publicly recorded ;
And could I hope my lay might give
Your praise in deathless verse to live,
You should be well rewarded.

But see how hopeless is my case !
COWPER, with all a Poet's grace,
And all a son's affection,
Has so pre-occupied the ground,
That my poor verse, by his, were found
Unworthy of inspection.

When I peruse the page, whose fame
Enshrines his Cousin BODHAM'S name,
It chills my emulation :
To rival it I could not hope ;
And who, where feeling should have scope,
' Could stoop to imitation ?

Themes which comparisons *invite*
Put minor Bards in doleful plight ;
'Tis policy to shun them :
Then let warm thanks, in one brief line,
Content a grateful heart like mine,
And *yours*, who well have won them.

STANZAS

COMPOSED IN THE LIBRARY AT BENHALL RECTORY.

O! I methinks could dwell content
A spell-bound captive here ;
And find, in such imprisonment,
Each fleeting moment dear ;—
Dear, not to outward sense alone,
But thought's most elevated tone.

The song of birds, the hum of bees,
Their sweetest music make ;
The March winds, through the lofty trees,
Their wilder strains awake ;
Or from the broad magnolia leaves
A gentler gale its spirit heaves.

Nor less the eye enraptur'd roves
O'er turf of freshest green,
O'er bursting flowers, and budding groves,
And sky of changeful mien,
Where sunny glimpses, bright and blue,
The fleecy clouds are peeping through.

Thus sooth'd, in every pausing mood,
How sweet each gifted page,
Rich with the mind's ambrosial food,
The Muses' brighter age!
How sweet, communion here to hold
With them, the Mighty Bards of old!

With them—whose master spirits yet
In deathless numbers dwell,
Whose works defy us to forget
Their still-surviving spell;—
That spell, which lingers in a name,
Whose very echo whispers Fame!

Could aught enhance such hours of bliss,
It were in converse known
With him who boasts a scene like this,
An Eden of his own;
Whose taste and talent gave it birth,
And well can estimate its worth.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

ONE calm and lovely even-tide,
 And one long, joyous summer-day,
 Granta! thy classic stream beside,
 A wand'ring Bard, I chanc'd to stray:
 Though long those hours have flown away,
 And dream-like now their memories live;
 Yet oft-times does their gentle sway
 A hush'd and pensive pleasure give.

'Tis soothing to look back on hours
 So sweet, though they have long since fled:
 Time has but given yet deeper powers
 To all that fancy, feeling fed:—
 Years but a softer tint have shed
 On what was beautiful and bright;
 And Memory o'er the scene but spread
 The mildness of her lunar light.

In shadowy gleams oft rise to view,
In moods of meditative thought,
Each separate feature's form and hue,
As then its loveliness was caught:
Yet is that indistinctness fraught
With feelings that enhance the whole,
When, like a silent dream, 'tis brought
Before the vision of the soul.

And seldom sleep has shed o'er me
Visions more lovely in my eyes,
Than, Granta! when I turn to thee,
Before the view of thought arise.
First ting'd in sun-set's richest dyes,
Thy choirs and cloister'd roofs I trace;
And then the hue of moon-light skies
Lends thy tall spires a gentler grace.

The morn now rises on thy towers
As brightly as it then arose;
Thy mossy turf, thy walks, thy bowers,
Touch'd by its ray, new charms disclose:
As noon-tide's splendour fiercer glows,
Thy cloister'd walks, thy gardens fair,
Invite the wanderer to repose,
And woo the coolness ling'ring there.

When I, a nameless stranger, sought
 These scenes, all silent they appear'd ;
 And as I roam'd in musing thought,
 Which no intruding footstep fear'd,
 Far more that loneliness endear'd
 Each garden-walk, each pillar'd shade ;
 And Art's proud structures, round me rear'd,
 Seem'd haunts for quiet musing made.

Of Greece—of Rome, the antique lore,
 To me is but a volume seal'd,
 Save but for those, who heretofore
 For me have plough'd that richer field,
 And bade our English garden yield
 Faint semblance of the glorious spoil,
 Which there luxuriantly reveal'd,
 Repays the scholar's midnight toil.

Granta ! if then—no son of thine,
 I roam'd through chapel, cloister, hall ;—
 If none of that proud thrill was mine,
 Which they alone can feel, who call
 Thee “ MOTHER BLEST ” to them :—on all
 I look'd with no repining eye,
 But felt that purer, better thrall,
 Which haunts like thine may well supply.

And now, though distant far the day
When through those scenes I fondly rov'd,
Yet in them Memory can survey
Much worthy to be priz'd and lov'd ;—
Much on which Fancy unprov'd
With pleasure unalloy'd may dwell,
And grateful feelings, not unmov'd,
May cherish as no vulgar spell.

TO A NAMELESS FRIEND.

ONCE more for thee my grateful Muse
Her tributary strain renews ;
Though verse of mine can feebly speak
Thoughts which for utterance vainly seek.

Did I not know the modest pride
With which thou lov'st from man to hide
Each act of gen'rous kindness shown,—
Thou shouldst not thus be thank'd unknown.

But some there are who love to shun
The tribute they have justly won ;
Who thanks and praise alike disclaim ;
“ Do good, and blush to find it fame.”

These, these are they who sow beside
The waters that in silence glide,
Trusting no echo will declare
That they have ever wander'd there.

Their noiseless footsteps pass away ;
The stream flows on, as yesterday ;
Nor would it by the eye be seen
A benefactor there had been.

O ! think not that the seed is dead,
Which such in lonely spots have spread :
It lives ! it lives ! the spring is nigh,
And soon its life shall testify.

That silent stream, uncultur'd ground,
No more unlovely shall be found ;
But scatter'd flowers, of simplest grace,
Shall clothe the solitary place.

The loiterer there may never know
Who bade the flowers around him glow ;
The sower may carefully conceal
What many proudly may reveal :—

The flowers may wither ;—but *their* seed
That spot, once desolate, shall feed ;
Still lingering blossoms shall betray
What such a soil can ill repay.

And, soon or late, a time will come,
When witnesses, that now are dumb,
With grateful eloquence shall tell
From whom the seed there scatter'd fell.

VERSES ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING,

ADDRESSED TO MY LITTLE PLAY-FELLOW.

REJOICE, my little merry mate !
The blithesome Spring is coming,
When thou shalt roam, with heart elate,
To hear the wild bee humming ;
To hear the wild bee humming round,
The primrose sweetly blowing,
And listen to each gentle sound
Of gladsome music flowing.

The birds shall sing from many a bower,
Joy like thy own obeying ;
And, round full many a blooming flower,
The butterfly be playing ;—
Be playing, love ! on wings as light
As heart in thy young bosom,
And showing tints as fair and bright
As does the opening blossom.

The snow-drops, by our garden-walk,
Long since to life have started ;
They wither now upon the stalk ;
Their beauty is departed :
Their beauty is departed,—but
Flowers in the fields are springing,
Which by and by shall ope and shut,
As to the glad birds' singing.

The robin, from the pear-tree bough,
Gives us of song our ear-full ;
The morns are getting lightsome now,
The evenings growing cheerful :
And soon they'll be more long and light,
With warm and pleasant weather ;
And we, to see the sun-set bright,
May go abroad together.

Then shall our summer haunts again
Renew their former pleasures ;
The poplar grove, the shady lane,
For thee be full of treasures :
For flowers are treasures unto thee,
And well thou lov'st to find them ;
To gather them with childish glee,
And then in posies bind them.

Spring is to me no merry time ;
 Its smiles are touch'd with sadness ;
For vanish'd, with Life's early prime,
 Is much that gave it gladness :
Yet, merry play-mate ! for thy sake
 I will not sing of sorrow ;
But since thou canst its joys partake,
 I would 'twere Spring to-morrow !

TO THE RIVER DEBEN.

COULD Muse of mine give fame to thee,
 Thy name unhonour'd should not be,
 Nor shouldst thou seek the billowy main
 Without thy tributary strain.

Shakspeare has shed on AVON's stream
 The glory of his quenchless beam ;
 Nor can the "bonny banks of DOON"
 Resign their Burns's minstrel boon.

While flows the winding OUSE along,
 It murmurs still of Cowper's song ;
 And e'en the LAVANT's puny wave
 Recals a hapless Poet's grave.

An unromantic stream art thou,
And I a bard of wreathless brow ;
Yet thou my ISIS art,—my CAM ;
And I thy lowly laureat am.

Have I not seen thy waters bright
With the sun's splendour, moon's soft light ?
Have I not heard them, rippling near,
Make sweetest music to mine ear ?

Though many a river's banks outvie
Thy own in much that charms the eye,
Yet may thy " shelving marge " impart
Beauties which win thy minstrel's heart.

In graceful curve thy waters glide,
And flowery meadows deck thy side,
With scatter'd copses, bright and green,
And vet'ran trunks where woods have been.

And, worthier still of Poet's lay,
Beside thy winding current stray
Faces as lovely, hearts as kind,
As tuneful verse has e'er enshrin'd.

I sought thy shore a youth unknown,
And much of grief has been my own ;
Yet sunny gleams from thee, and thine,
Have oft forbade me to repine.

Though since I knew thee years have sped,
And life's, and love's first bloom have fled ;—
Their memory gives thee added power
To soothe and bless the present hour.

Then roll thy waters to the sea,
But with them bear one strain from me ;
Nor ask I sweeter earthly fame,
Than blending with thy own my Name.

TO THE OWL.

BIRD of the solemn midnight hour !
Thy Poet's emblem be ;
If arms might be the Muses' dower,
His crest were found in thee :
Though flippant wits thy dulness blame,
And Superstition fondly frame
Fresh omens from thy song ;—
With me thou art a favourite bird,
Of habits, hours, and haunts, preferr'd
To day's more noisy throng.

Are not thy habits grave and sage,
Thyself besecming well,
Like hermit's in his hermitage,
Or nun's in convent cell?
Secluded as an anchorite,
Thou spend'st the hours of garish light
In silence, and alone:
'Twere well if nuns and hermits spent
Their days in dreams as innocent,
As thine, my bird! have flown.

Are not the hours to thee most dear,
Those which my bosom thrill?
Evening—whose charms my spirit cheer,
And Night, more glorious still?
I love to see thee slowly glide
Along the dark wood's leafy side,
On undulating wing,
So noiseless in thy dream-like flight,
Thou seem'st more like a phantom-sprite
Than like a living thing.

I love to hear thy hooting cry,
At midnight's solemn hour,
On gusty breezes sweeping by,
And feel its utmost power :
From Nature's depths it seems to come,
When other oracles are dumb ;
And eloquent its sound,
Asserting Night's majestic sway,
And bearing Fancy far away
To solitudes profound ;—

To wild, secluded haunts of thine,
Which hoary eld reveres ;
To ivied turret, mould'ring shrine,
Gray with the lapse of years ;
To hollow trees by lightning scath'd ;
To cavern'd rocks, whose roots are bath'd
By some sequester'd stream ;
To tangled wood, and briery brake,
Where only Echo seems awake
To answer to thy scream.

While habits, hours, and haunts, so lone
And lofty, blend with thee,
Well mayst thou, bird of night ! be prone
To touch thought's nobler key ;
To waken feelings undefin'd,
And bring home to the Poet's mind,
Who frames his VIGIL-LAY,
Visions of higher musings born,
And fancies brighter than adorn
His own ephem'ral day.

IZAAK WALTON.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF THE COMPLETE
ANGLER.

CHEERFUL old man! whose pleasant hours were spent
Where LEA'S still waters through their sedges
glide,
Or on the fairer banks of peaceful TRENT,
Or DOVE, hemm'd in by rocks on either side;—
Cheerful old man! my grateful Muse would fain
Honour thy memory with one votive strain.

Although no brother of the rod and line,
 Needless such brotherhood a grace to give
 Unto thy artless pages: these shall shine,
 And thou, depicted in them, long shalt live,
 In eyes, and hearts, to which thy art may be
 A thing unknown, untried, as 'tis to me.

But though no angler, loth were I to close
 My better feelings to meek Nature's love,
 Which in thy little volume sweetly glows,
 Bestowing beauty prouder charms above:
 This to thy quaint simplicity imparts
 A pleasure ever new to musing hearts:—

The quiet gushings forth of genuine feeling;
 The simple workings of unworldly thought;
 Imaginative glimpses, light revealing,
 From more than outward sunshine brightly
 caught:—
 These are not things thy craft alone may scan;
 They speak not to the Angler, but the Man.

For while I feel their gentle eloquence,
All thy insignia gladly I forget ;
Viewing thee in a loftier, nobler sense,
And feeling tow'rds thee a more lasting debt.
Thy book is redolent of fields and flowers,
Of freshly flowing streams, and leafy bowers.

And deeper touches hast thou to revere,
In which more hidden graces meekly shine,
Blending thy own with memories justly dear,
And names our hearts with gratitude enshrine ;—
Holy George Herbert, Wotton, Ken, and Donne,
The pious Hooker, Cranmer, Sanderson !

Note.

Not the mere lovers of angling only, but the cordial lovers of green fields and still waters, the Contemplatist, and the Philosopher, are indebted for no slight gratification to the beautiful reprint of Walton's book, by Major, of Fleet-street.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

NURSING A SICK CHILD.

YOUNG and gay, yet gentle maiden !
 Though oft-times my Muse be sad,
 Think her not so sorrow-laden,
 But for once she can be glad—
 Glad to wake a livelier strain ;
 Do not thou that note disdain.

Notes of joy not often waken
 From this humble lyre of mine ;
 By the fitful night-breeze shaken,
 Ivy-wreaths its strings entwine :
 Pendent on the willow tree,
 How should such be tuned for thee !

Yet I'll take it from that willow ;
 Bid it breathe her gentle praise,
Who by childhood's restless pillow
 Love's fond tribute duly pays ;
And, though blithe as bird of air,
Sits with cheerful patience there.

Fair the butterfly, which hovers
 Summer's gayest flowers above ;
Lovelier graces thought discovers
 In the fondly-watching dove :
Beauty charms, and passes by,
But Affection cannot die.

If but idle Poets' praises,
 She who wins them thus shall find
That the heart's approval raises
 Richer trophies there enshrin'd :
Never praise can greet the ear,
Which deserves to be so dear.

Love, while duty it discharges,
 Makes the heart more lovely still ;
Its capacity enlarges,
 Woman's gentle sphere to fill :—
In that sphere what joys combine !
Maiden ! be their sweetest thine.

A POET TO HIS CANDLE.

BE thou for once thy Poet's theme,
 Whose cheerful and propitious light
 Sheds o'er my page its friendly beam,
 Witness alone of what I write :
 Though late the hour, thy lustre bright
 Still shines forth with unalter'd ray ;
 While I, in more exhausted plight,
 Feel mine decay.

At times, indeed, thy ray but flings
 A feeble lustre round my room,
 As though its fitful glimmerings
 Taught "light to counterfeit a gloom :"
 Like some lone lamp which cheers a tomb,
 Its wavering radiance sinks and gleams,
 Seeming to illustrate the doom
 Of Poets' dreams.

Then it recalls to thought the light
Which burns some sick man's bed beside ;
Or where, through watches of the night,
Some widow'd mother, wakeful-eyed,
Hangs o'er her babe till morning tide,
And thinks of hours for ever flown,
When the fond hopes that thrill a bride
Were all her own.

But soon these images of woe,
Thoughts by thy slumb'ring splendour nurs'd,
Like brighter fancies, from me go,
And with thy dimness are dispers'd :
Decapitated!—as at first,
Thy full effulgence beams once more,
And rays yet brighter from thee burst
Than did before.

Could but thy Bard be snuff'd like thee,
It might revive his languid Muse,
Set Fancy's shackled pinions free,
And raise Imagination's views :
Yet I such snuffing should not choose ;
For though mine *be* an aching head,
Rather than I that head would lose,
I'll go to bed !

TO A FRIEND IN SICKNESS.

NAY! thank me not for moments spent
Thy hours of pain to cheer :
If such to thee have pleasure lent,
To me they must be dear ;
Nor would I yield what they bestow,
For any moods that Mirth can know.

They have convinc'd me that, to those
Who feel its latent worth,
The House of Mourning can disclose
Far more than that of Mirth ;—
More of those thoughts and views sublime
Which are not limited to Time.

Not that I mean to arrogate,
For converse such as ours,
Those higher attributes that wait
On mind's unfetter'd powers ;
For much of weakness has been thine—
A Friend's most humble province mine.

But though from lassitude or pain
Thou art but seldom free,
And conversation's loftier vein
Be unassum'd by me,—
Yet purest Friendship's genuine tone
By us has silently been known.

Its influence often has shone forth
In brighter glance of thine ;
Imparted more than native worth
To social powers of mine ;
And understood intelligence
Has been its richest eloquence.

Then fancy not, that unto me
Thy thanks, thy praise are due :
I am rewarded, when I see
That cheek its smiles renew ;
Or, glancing from that kindling eye,
A gleam of brighter light espy.

More rich has been my recompense,
When in thy pensive mien
Hope has beheld some evidence
Of thought that works unseen;
Of feelings, cherish'd in the heart,
Which patient gentleness impart.

I would not cloud thy brow with gloom
By one brief, sober strain :
Young as thou art, thou know'st from whom
E'en youth may wisdom gain ;
Who gives or poverty or wealth,
Withholds or grants the boon of health.

To gain access to HIM, there need
But Love, and Faith, and Prayer ;
His eye is on the heart, to read
The thought up-springing there :
His Word has made a Saviour known ;
Be simple, child-like faith thy own.

Then, though thy present suffering seems
At times a weary lot,
His Love shall prove, by bright'ning gleams,
That He forsakes thee not ;
And thou shalt gratefully confess
His goodness, and his mercy bless.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.*

GREAT God! thy judgments equity fulfil;
 To be propitious thou art ever prone;
 But I so much have disobey'd thy will,
 That justice would be shock'd by mercy shown.

Yes, God! my wickedness, its depths disclos'd,
 But leaves the choice of punishment to thee:
 Thy interest to my pardon stands oppos'd,
 And e'en thy mercy vengeance craves on me.

Pour then thy righteous vials on my head,
 Since glorious unto thee thy just desire:
 Be thou offended with the tears I shed—
 Tears but call'd forth by thy indignant ire.

* It is rather hazardous to place a translation beside an original; but conscious, that for the sake of preserving the uniformity

Strike, timely thunder! wrong for wrath must call;
 I, perishing, adore thine anger just:—
 But on what spot shall e'en thy thunder fall,
 Whence CHRIST'S atoning blood may plead not
 from the dust?

of my stanzas, I have in the third expanded two lines into four, it seems only just to give the copy whence my version has been attempted.

French Sonnet.

Grand Dieu! tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité;
 Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice:
 Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
 Ne me pardonnera sans choquer ta justice.
 Oui, mon Dieu! la grandeur de mon impiété
 Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice;
 Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité,
 Et ta clemence même attend que je perisse.
 Contente ton désir, puisqu'il t'est glorieux;
 Offense toi des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux.
 Tonne! frappe! il est temps, rends moi guerre pour guerre!
 J'adore, en perissant, la raison qui t'aigris:
 Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
 Qui ne soit pas couvert du sang de Jesus Christ?

DISAPPOINTMENT.

So melt away in empty air,
Some hopes, whose animating sway
Had given my spirit strength to bear
Its burthen on from day to day :
Though oftentimes their long delay
Brief sickness of the heart has brought,
The recompense they yet might pay,
Has shed some gleams of brighter thought.

But let it pass, and let them go,
As all an idle dream at best :
Not worthless was the transient glow
Such have awaken'd in my breast :
The visions which my fancy bless'd
Of labour in a wider sphere ;
Of hours employ'd with higher zest,
In loftier tasks,—may still be dear.

Nor worthless the result may be,
 Though painful for awhile the blow,
If it instruct my eye to see,
 My grateful heart to feel and know—
That He who orders all below
 Has once again display'd his Love,
And bade these phantoms come and go,
 To raise my views to things above.

Darkly we scan our power or will
 His glorious cause to advocate ;
We dream the future shall fulfil
 All Fancy can anticipate ;
That, could a different lot await
 Our onward path, *we* might be found
Among the wise, the good, the great,
 Whose efforts with success are crown'd.

'Tis well to cherish such desires,
 And humbly nurse each lofty aim :
He who to no such hope aspires,
 Degrades the Man's, the Christian's name.
The candidate for earthly fame
 May well the shame of failure shun ;
He who a higher meed would claim,
 Rich recompense may still have won.

Even to what appears defeat,
Some soothing, noble feelings cling,
Which worldly triumph, e'er so sweet,
Could never to its votary bring :
Each aspiration opes a spring
Of comfort, hid from mortal gaze ;
And every struggle wakes a string,
Whose slightest touch still vibrates PRAISE !

Pleasant it is, with wind and tide,
To give the canvas to the gale,
And on the glassy current glide
With steady helm, and swelling sail ;
And sweet the destin'd port to hail,
A brief and stormless passage o'er,
With nothing adverse to bewail,
Since first we loosen'd from the shore.

Yet is it greater far to brave
The dark'ning clouds, the stormy wind,
The terrors of the mountain wave,
The rocks and quicksands, all combin'd :
To brave them with a soul resign'd,
To good, or ill ; to be, or not ;—
Is far more noble, than to find
A victory, unoppos'd, our lot.

In his own spirit, Man is still
Or most debas'd, or dignified :
If there his duty he fulfil,
And, faithful to his Heavenly Guide,
Walk on in hope ;—though clouds may hide
At times his pole-star's cheering ray,
Those clouds, at seasons thrown aside,
Shall give a glimpse of glorious day :—

Of day more bright, and skies more pure,
Than ever dawn'd or shone on earth ;
Of hopes, that Faith shall render sure,
Since Faith alone could give them birth :
And, in the all-transcendent worth
Of thoughts unearthly and sublime,
The soul, with joy surpassing mirth,
Shall triumph o'er the cares of Time.

SIMPLICITY AND HUMILITY.

“The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and He helped me.”

Psalm cxvi. 6.

God granteth to the simple heart
 The boon of preservation ;
 And Love Divine will aid impart
 To true humiliation :
 Then be, O Lord ! to me assign'd
 A simple heart—a lowly mind.

Think not Simplicity allied
 To folly, or to weakness ;
 It is obedience, testified
 By Love, and Faith, and Meekness :
 Though child-like may appear its charm,
 'Tis Manhood's strength in God's right arm.

Nor in Humility deplore

A mean or servile spirit ;

Its votaries' hopes to Heaven may soar,

Their might—A SAVIOUR'S merit :

And they, in purer realms above,

Be more than conq'rors, through HIS Love.

The simple are the truly wise,

The humble the most glorious ;

That power and wisdom Heaven supplies,

Alone are found victorious :

And as Man's nothingness is shown,

Salvation from the Lord is known.

VIOLETS, A SONNET.

BEAUTIFUL are you in your lowliness ;
 Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent ;
 Lovely your modest blossoms, downward bent,
 As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
 The passer-by with fragrance, and express
 How gracefully, though mutely eloquent,
 Are unobtrusive worth, and meek content,
 Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.
 Delightful flowerets ! at the voice of Spring
 Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright ;
 And though your blossoms soon shall fade from
 sight,
 Above your lowly birth-place birds shall sing,
 And from your clust'ring leaves the glow-worm fling
 The emerald glory of its earth-born light.

SABBATH-DAYS ;

MODERNIZED FROM "SON-DAYES," IN VAUGHAN'S
"SILEX SCINTILLANS."

TYPES of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week—
The next world's gladness imag'd forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak !

Eternity in Time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in Man—his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers—
Periods appointed to renew our trust—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

A milky way mark'd out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briars and thorns around his pathway
twine.

Foretastes of Heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

SONNET:

WILLIAM COWPER.

I KNOW how ill my harp, of artless string,
 Can celebrate a Name so dear as thine,
 Or offer tribute at thy Memory's shrine,
 Which aught of added fame might hope to bring
 Unto thy Muse: but thoughts that fondly cling
 To hours thy page has brighten'd, would entwine
 For thee one simple votive wreath of mine,
 Which round thy urn with fearful hand I fling.
 The just Memorial of thy genuine worth,
 Genius and feelings like thy own must claim,
 And where can these be found? yet, while the
 flame
 Which sanctifies THE ALTAR, and HOME's hearth,
 Shall warm and cheer thy "*native nook of earth* *,"
 ENGLAND with gratitude shall bless thy Name.

* Most of my readers will recollect the application of this epithet to his country, by Cowper, in one of the most patriotic passages of his truly English poetry.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

THY parent stem by death was sear'd,
Nor liv'd to nurse thy opening bloom ;
And thou hast been a graft uprear'd
'Mid gleams of light, and clouds of gloom.

Yet may the memory of that flower
Which bore thee, to thy heart be dear ;
And, in temptation's darkest hour,
Maternal love be ever near.

We hope no vintage from the thorn,
Though fair and wide its branches spread ;
Nor can the purple fig adorn
The fruitless thistle's downy head.

But when the violet's hue we meet,
Where'er the blossom may be found,
We hope that perfume still to greet
Its parent-flower diffus'd around.

There is a richer, sweeter scent,
Than e'en the violet can supply;
A beauty far more eloquent
Than flowers can boast of brightest dye—

The fragrance of a spotless name ;
The beauty of a soul redeem'd ;
Be these, my love, thy chiefest aim,
Be these life's noblest end esteem'd.

Then shall thy Heavenly Father's Love
Thy earthly Sire's defects repair ;
And thou, in endless bliss above,
Thy angel Mother's lot shalt share.

HOME.

WHERE burns the lov'd hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast ?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possess'd ?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which Mirth's bright cheek adorn ?—
Pleasure is mark'd by fleetness,
To those who ever roam ;
While grief itself has sweetness
At Home ! dear Home !

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief:
Their eyes, in all their spendour,
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances, gay or tender,
Fresh eloquence impart:
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O! do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At Home! dear Home!

Does pure Religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer;
For Home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there:
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam;
If worshipless her altar
At Home! dear Home!

Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful awe,
Its daily service guideth,
And shows its perfect law ;
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee
With kneeling crowds around ?
Go ! leave thy gift unoffer'd,
Beneath Religion's dome,
And be her first-fruits proffer'd
At Home ! dear Home !

A SPRING THOUGHT.

THE glad birds are singing,
 The gay flow'rets springing
 O'er meadow and mountain, and down in the vale ;
 The green leaves are bursting ;—
 My spirit is thirsting
 To bask in the sunbeams, and breathe the fresh gale.

Sweet season ! appealing
 To fancy and feeling ;
 Be thy advent the emblem of all I would crave,
 Of light more than vernal,
 That day-spring eternal
 Which shall dawn on the dark wintry night of the
 Grave !

BEALINGS HOUSE.

A MODEST Mansion, with its garden ground,
 Where the blithe bee pursues his gladsome chase ;
 An undulating lawn, where Art's mild grace
 Is rustic Nature's willing handmaid found ;
 Fair slopes, and swelling uplands, cloth'd and crown'd
 With trees, whose young boughs fondly interlace
 Their varied foliage ;—such the charms I trace
 In the familiar landscape smiling round.—
 Yet, fair as is the scene, its height'ning zest,
 To me, is not from outward features caught,
 But from bright hours with social converse fraught,
 When oft, beneath that roof a well pleas'd guest,
 Pleasure on winged moments has imprest
 The prouder stamp of fancy, feeling, thought.

TO AN OLD DISCIPLE.

THE votive page that veils thy name,
Dares not its simple lay refuse
To excellence that well might claim
A nobler Bard, a loftier Muse.

If mute till now my artless song,
'Twas self-denial check'd the strain ;
I fear'd so lov'd a theme to wrong,—
Still more thy humble heart to pain.

Yet, would I shun the deep regret
Which might, hereafter, wound my heart,
If thou, unpaid my Muse's debt,
Shouldst from this mortal life depart.

I know thou need'st not praise of Man
Thy transient recompense to be ;
Yet may'st thou with forgiveness scan
Thy honour'd MASTER'S praise in thee.

His love allur'd thee in thy youth,
From all the fleeting things of Time ;
Taught thee the value of HIS truth,
Its purer joys, its hopes sublime.

Thou wast obedient to that Light
Which faithlessness alone can dim ;
And, strengthen'd by thy Saviour's might,
Art what thou art through faith in Him.

His grace, His love, His power have lent
Thy hoary head its radiant crown ;
And He, for whom thy strength was spent,
Shall bid thy sun go calmly down.

Delightful is it to behold
In *youthful* hearts the work of Grace ;
To see Religion's germs unfold,
And growing usefulness to trace :—

To watch the budding, bursting forth,
Of flowers that cannot fade, or die ;
Of fruitage, whose immortal worth
Shall ripen in a sunless sky.

But 'tis more glorious still to mark
Young greenness shade a mossy stem,
And see a brow, that else were dark,
Bright with a heavenly diadem.

Religion, thus adorn'd, may wake
More than the voice of lyre, or lip,
And hallow for THE MASTER'S sake,
The claims of *Old Discipleship*.

A LAST MEMORIAL.

G. J. L. Obiit 4 Mo. 16, 1824.

“ Once in thy mirth thou bad’st me write on thee,
And now I write—what thou wilt never see !”

Rogers’s Human Life.

WITH mingled gratitude and grief,
Dear Friend! I bid my final leaf
 Thy early death record :
Thy suff’rings clos’d—our thanks require ;
Thy loss may well our grief inspire ;
And O! how justly may my lyre
 Thy simple dirge award.

In hours by Memory now enshrin’d,
Thy fancy from these pages twin’d
 Wreaths round my brow to wave :
But long ere noon hath set thy sun :
Thy Bard his destin’d task has done ;
The flowerless wreath of cypress won—
 He gives thy early grave !

Not worthless may such offering be
To some whose hearts were bound to thee
 By Nature's fondest ties ;
Who o'er thee watch'd in hours of pain,
Who mourn thy loss, though grief be vain,
We hope to meet with joy again
 In brighter, purer skies.

Take, then, what justly is thy own,
My closing strain :—thus, thus alone
 'Tis meet my task should end :
This last memorial shall be THINE ;
If there no minstrel graces shine,
The Poet's honours I resign,
 For *feelings* of THE FRIEND !

THE END.

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